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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND LIBERTY.

IN the study of English history, as written by Protestant historians, the Catholic student is amazed and perplexed by the frequent repetition of a sentiment to him entirely incomprehensible. This sentiment became popular in the days of the Long Parliament; and has retained, through a variety of phases, its popularity even to the present hour. It is made up by the combination of two words. From the period of those civil commotions and political convulsions, that dethroned and decapitated Charles Stuart, "popery and tyranny" in conjunction served as the watchword and shibboleth of more than one party in those insular politics once so influential and important to the rest of the world. The steady and constant industry, with which both politician and historiographer flaunt these words of conjuration, arouses the curiosity of the mature and impresses the susceptible mind of the youthful inquirer. Under the altered circumstances of the civil life in which we move, the force and power of a party-word is

sufficiently manifest to give us some idea of its workings in other times, and among other men. The almost unlimited enfranchisement and political rights, now enjoyed as common blessings, have familiarized nearly every member of the community with the wiles and subterfuges, the empty clamors and foul misrepresentations, by which the party or candidate soliciting public indorsement and support tries to outwit, disparage, asperse, and defeat his opponent. The frequency of its application has blunted, in a great measure, the edge of this weapon of slander; but it still inflicts no slight wounds when handled with dexterity. Before the masses had learned to suspect the sincerity and wisdom of their leaders it was truly formidable and destructive. It is worthy of remark that the greatest sticklers for party issues are those who reap their benefits and profits least; and who left to their own discernment cannot discriminate between one measure and its converse as seen in their practical bearings. As adherents the

ignorant are the most faithful allies of the designing. Once prepossessed their enduring fidelity is secured, and their hands hang ever ready to succor their deceiver.

It cannot be pretended that in England, or elsewhere on the continent of Europe, the peasantry of the seventeenth century were astute politicians, or capable of discovering the ulterior designs of statescraft. But to prepossess them, at that time, was to insure complete success in any enterprise. A certain war-cry roused them to superhuman exertion, and the uttered name of their chief was "in all assaults their surest signal." It would be doing those men, who took advantage of this propensity, honor overmuch to suppose that considerate and prudential foresight enabled them to utilize and sway those turbulent elements. The most fortunate and illustrious personages of history, military captains, statesmen, political adventurers, and revolutionists, are those whom the development of a novel feature of constitution, or civil polity, found willing, by turns, to guide the popular current, or to drift passively on its surface.

Kings as well as republicans are, in the last analysis of the body politic, creatures of the same power. Hereditary right and passive obedience, in times of national ferment, were discovered soon to be the fictions of courtiers and royal sycophants. The "right divine," which it was pretended adhered to dynasties, resolved into its elements showed a plebeian origin. To preserve good order and administer strict justice between liegeman and liegeman were the only provisions that scrutiny could read in the charter of "divine right." There was always, notwithstanding the fulsome theory of passive obedience, a practical consciousness of this dependence of kings on their people. In seasons of turmoil and disorder the relations were acknowledged. Royalty con-

descended to solicit the aid, money, and arms of those whom, in more fortunate days, he regarded as existing for his pleasure or vindictiveness.

To play with the prejudices, arouse the dormant passions, and direct the awakened fury of the populace is the master-stroke of kingscraft. For the accomplishment of this result, kings, as well as demagogues, stooped to the vilest artifices and lowest chicane. In proclamations, manifestoes, and public instruments, the catchwords of the prevailing faction find regular places. The sons of men are wiser in their generations than the sons of God. By such instrumentality "popery and tyranny" were united by policy, and in due process of time identified in English history. But nothing is more certain than that this forced combination is an unhallowed and foul affiance. Popery, being Christianity, is true liberty; as St. John says: "And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," chap. 8, ver. 32; or as St. Paul writes: "By the freedom with which Christ has made us free," Gal. chap. 4, ver. 31. Tyranny is usurped dominion, contrary to justice and natural rights; therefore contrary to Christianity, for of Christ it is said the "just for the unjust," and in consequence contrary to popery, which is but a Protestant synonym for Christianity. The evil and bitter effects that resulted from the confusion of these two terms were felt for centuries, and are yet, though considerably mollified, felt by the hapless Catholics of those regions where the confusion prevailed.

There is needed no proof for the assertion, that before we can pronounce any principle or institution contrary and inimical to liberty, we should understand clearly what liberty is and what it is not. What then is liberty? The question will, doubtless, appear puerile to the superficial and self-sufficient, who are

accustomed to eulogize and apostrophize the *word*, understanding but indistinctly its meaning. It is not a term easy of definition. Lexicographers define it "freedom," "leave," "privilege," etc.; but the significance is no less obscure. Freedom is fondly believed to be the special characteristic, prime trait, and peculiar mark of republican governments. Yet nothing is better known than that this happy attribute is not the same *quiddity* that received this appellation in the ancient republics of Greece and Rome; in the feudal republics of Italy—Amalphi, Pisa, Genoa, and Venice; and in the modern republics of Switzerland and the United States. The definition of liberty as found in one or other of these commonwealths would be inapplicable and unmeaning in the rest. The reason of this discrepancy, on reflection, becomes palpable and clear. What men usually call liberty is only its manifestation under some one of its many aspects. Abstract liberty, like other abstractions, has no existence. It always inheres in some civil peculiarities or customs. Although liberty cannot be defined with precision, it can be described and easily recognized. What is freedom to one man, owing to conditions, may be despotism and cruel oppression to another. The supremacy of the Anglican Church troubled not, but favored the Anglican, whilst it ground and oppressed the Dissenter and Catholic; and, again, the oath against transubstantiation gave neither pain nor inflicted penalty on the Anglican or Dissenter, but excluded the Catholic from all political and many social rights and enjoyments.

When we try to catch liberty in order to make her deliver up her secrets, we find that we are pursuing a swift and evanescent phantom. To avoid the vain pursuit and fruitless inquest liberty may be shortly defined as law. Not that law which is formulated by tyrants into statutes;

not that law which expresses the will, and, too often, the resentment of a majority; not that law which burns in the proscriptive edicts of senates; not that law which calls in the sword to execute it; not that law which treads down the weak at the nod of the strong; but that law which is anterior to the will of man. Natural justice and its ramifications through all the complications of life form that fundamental law which is liberty. The sacred observance of this law secures the fullest freedom, and its violation is despotism. It is not unknown, for it is promulgated as wide and as far as the human race. The Christian is obligated by it, for it is set forth and illustrated in his sacred records. The infidel, the pagan, the atheist, the Mohammedan, all are aware of its existence, for they read it on their own hearts impressed. Every breach of this law is visible and cannot be concealed, neither is there need of a judge to determine it. A child in the possession of reason can comprehend it. Only when passion or hatred incites or interest rules is it ignored. It is not necessary even to recognize the supernal destiny of man; his right to exist in this life as a rational creature includes all. The disposition of his heart, the allegiance of his intellect, the discharge and fulfilment, conscientiously, of obligations, are the inalienable prerogatives of reason.

In the Christian system those fundamentals are neither changed nor destroyed. Faith and grace presuppose nature, which they illumine, fortify, and correct. Liberty, worthy of the name, must leave those rights intact. Human laws should be conversant only in human things, and in such matters alone as are under the disposal of man. It is not given to men to alter or pervert the nature of justice, rectitude, goodness, mercy, vice, apathy, crime, or any of these virtues or moral deformities that grow from personal ex-

erty and individual will. Political liberty, when it crushes or tramples upon this primal law, becomes the most odious and oppressive tyranny. The reign of the Saints, Levellers, and Fifth-Monarchy-men in England, the domination of the Kirk and Covenanters in Scotland, the spoliations, massacres, and wars of the Anabaptists in Münster, are illustrations in point. They upturned, in the name of liberty, the governments of their respective countries. But their rules were the fiercest despotisms to those who found no consolation in extemporaneous prayers, no unction in the ravings of fanatics, no protection for life or property from those who respected neither. Here, indeed, are examples of what liberty is not. This is the freedom of confusion and disorder, fierce passions and brutal natures. This is license or lawlessness, the great enemy of liberty, which is law. Men have called this liberty, but it is of the same kind as that which Milton in the person of Satan thus describes:

“Here at least

We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.”

Understanding liberty as law, we can now return to the examination of the question, Is the Catholic Church in its spirit or teachings antagonistic to civil or religious liberty? Unhesitatingly it is not. Facts are the best proofs when not distorted. If the spirit or teachings of the Church were antagonistic to civil liberty, then should no true Catholic be ever found in the ranks of liberators or patriots. But we know that they are as eager and stern supporters of freedom's cause as any in the world. History abounds in and is adorned by such names. This republic is indebted to Catholics. The Carrolls were among the earliest and most strenuous assertors of its independence. Catholics, both cleric and laic, stood by their country in its darkest hour; and when clerics of

another kind, Coke and Asbury, were found in the ranks of the royalists; though their representatives, ignoring this *morning stain*, are the hastiest accusers of Catholics and the most pretentious in their professions of patriotism. The Catholic Church has never stigmatized those her patriot sons, and their memory as Catholics is, if possible, more glorious than their fame as patriots.

To set this question at rest forever it is well to assert, that for all the special needs and uses of the Church nothing more of politics, in shape, or name, or color, is requisite to her than suffices to preserve good order. Where this blessing is assured by wise legislation without proscription, her prosperity, progress, and rapid increase are insured and inevitable. In the march of freedom under the guidance of wisdom, the Catholic Church can stand in the foremost rank of the vanguard, and say to leaders, presidents, masters, chiefs, and guiding spirits:

“And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.”

It may be noted in passing that executives, autocratic, monarchical, regal, or republican, have a tendency to encroach on individual rights and liberties. Far less power than is now delegated to rulers would be all-sufficient to provide and secure the privileges for which governments exist at all,—internal order and external protection for the State. More individual liberty and less gubernatorial dictation and taxation would advance us beyond our present stagnant state of inchoate freedom. Were men more under the influence of principle and less under the grip of party, they would discover that, with all our boastings, we have only reached the vestibule of liberty's temple. Revolutions, sudden and violent, are not only subversive of good order and justice, but wholly destructive to religion, its pacific powers and benefits. Conservatism of the rational sort, therefore, marks

the course of the Church in her secular orbit. Never rejecting the *new* because it is new, nor clinging to the old pertinaciously because it is old; not loving liberty less because loving order more; never forgetful of the individual in consulting for the multitude. This system, which was made for man, and not for cliques or cabals, embraces every good and wholesome measure admired in the several polities that hold place in civilization. With this spirit, and teaching "no respect for persons," it is not in the constitution of things that the Catholic Church could be either hostile or adverse to the broadest and wisest civil liberty.

Religious liberty is so misunderstood that a few prefatory remarks are highly pertinent. Religion is in its very nature something beyond the visible things of the creation. As it cannot be handled with the hands, nor seen by the eyes, nor weighed in a balance, intellect is necessary for its comprehension. The intellect, therefore, or understanding, is the seat of religion and the abode of faith. Men talk of trammelling the intellect, as if it had a body and members that could be manacled. They suppose that dogmas, decrees, rescripts, and syllabuses are fetters and chains, when in reality they are merely viaducts and channels. Ignorance, doubt, and error are the self-fabricated and only bonds of the intellect. Ignorance, the product of mental inertia; doubt, the fruit of the mind's abuse; and error, the result of misdirection and intellectual indiscretion. Tyrants may break the limbs and torture the body of man, but the mind is beyond human power or human malignity to control. To enslave the understanding is, therefore, only a figurative expression, which many, maliciously and intentionally, misinterpret, in order to deceive the credulity and thoughtlessness of disciples or followers.

And here we may pass in review

that common sophism, generally employed by those who advocate a false and irrational liberalism in religion. They say that it is cruel and unjust to subject the youthful mind to religious impressions and religious truths before the reason has matured and is capable of rejecting what is distasteful. This is a captious argument, but as false as plausible. No matter what the impressions, the intellect retains its native vigor, and is of such a complexity that as soon as it perceives clearly the error which it has embraced, will by inborn impulse shake itself free from it. Now the tenets taught in early life are either true or false. If false, there is present in due season a sufficient mental acumen to detect the falsity and thus to prevent the ill effects. If true, they are impressed and understood more clearly by a reconsideration, and the mind is thus saved the oftentimes fruitless and always painful labor of searching for truth among innumerable theories, or, on despairing its discovery, of resigning itself to torpidity and blank indifference. But, it is further objected, there is a possibility of the mind rejecting all religion, and to such the early training is a superadded and needless cruelty. This is possible, but unnatural. It is possible in the sense that suicide or disfiguration is possible, *i. e.*, the power is committed to man, but in using such power he violates the laws of his existence. As self-preservation is the strongest instinct of life, so love of truth is the primitive law of intellectual being. Besides, to a person so hapless the early impressions and teachings bestowed by human diligence and charity is no insuperable impediment. People would be at no pains to conceal their contempt for the man who should claim for his son exemption from the forming processes of civilization, on the grounds that he destined him to reside, in after years, in savage lands. Yet there is a true parity between such a one and

the advocate for an irreligious youthful training, though the consequences are not equally immediate and discernible.

Truth is the food of the intellect. It strengthens, awakens, and sharpens it. Without the acquisition of truth the mind remains in a state of perpetual immaturity, or is dissipated in a thousand hollow vagaries. Whatever furnishes this mental pabulum in the greatest abundance, is consequently the best promoter of intellection. It would be truly paradoxical absurdity to assert that what promotes and adds to the growth and vigor of anything, retards or shackles it. Yet the posture of those who object to Catholicity on account of its teaching attribute, virtually supports a like paradox. The office of an infallible teacher is to supply the demanded information, and guidance, where the mind is liable, nay, certain to lose itself in its own darkness; or, in other words, to substitute truth for theory, fancy, and imagination. This is to elevate the mind and not to degrade it; to burst its bonds and not to tighten its fetters; to liberate and not to enlial.

The error of those who regard "the dogmata" of the Catholic Church as restrictions, hindrances, or a mental incubus, consists in confounding potency with power, and abstraction with concretion. The potency is always included in the power, the abstract in the concrete, but determined, restricted, and confined. Neither potency nor abstraction has any positive existence. The one and the other are embodied and prescribed by many or few modifications. Potencies, abstractions, and possibilities may serve as philosophic hypotheses for metaphysicians to speculate on and wrangle about, but they are not discoverable in the constituted elements of creation. In it we find powers, concretions, and realities. Powers with laws, concretions with limitations, and reali-

ties with consistencies. To despoil a reality of its consistence is to make it a mere possible; to deprive a concrete of its limitation is to make it a mere abstract; to rob a power of its law is to make it a mere potency. This is to substitute non-existences for existences, which in practical life is the principal source of self-delusion and all consequent deception. Now this is what is done by those who claim that the mind should have no guidance or teacher in religion. The mind is a power, and not a mere potency, consequently bound up by laws,—the law of its memory, the law of its will, and the law of its understanding. Retention, discretion, and perception constitute those laws, each of which requires external aid, and are as all the other laws with which man is acquainted, but the expression of dependence or subordination. Before anything is retained, it must be presented; before anything is judged, it must be contrasted; before anything is perceived, it must be demonstrated. In those radical functions the demand for a teacher is undisguised. The very complexion of the human intellect is thus shown to necessitate instruction, and without hesitancy or doubt in secular affairs this is always conceded. No one attempts to become a physician by guesswork, nor even to learn the alphabet by his own exertion. Many causes concur to render a practical business man a dreamer, enthusiast, visionary, or skeptic in religion. The uneducated practitioner would soon want patients, the unlettered clerk would never find an employer, but the consequences of religious errancy and ignorance are hidden away and stored up in the future. There are the enthusiasm of mental ingenuity and partisanship, the pride of family, the associations and social ties, the natural spirit of procrastination, and the incentives of passion, caprice, and wealth, to supply, and in this world, at least, not illy

to supply, the want of substantial and indubitable Christian truths to the spiritual man.

To accept truth or not to accept it, to investigate religious claims or to neglect them altogether, to embrace error and reject certitude, to prefer fancy or illusion to doctrine and revelation, to receive some religious tenets and to discard others of equal necessity, authority, and certainty, according as interested inclination or prevailing consuetude may impel, is what those who reject the teaching infallibility of the Catholic Church call "religious liberty." This is neither liberty nor prerogative, nor even sense. A man unacquainted with algebraic science might claim the privilege or liberty of asserting that x multiplied by x would be $2x$, or $x\frac{1}{2}$, or x^3 , or anything else; but the scientist would call such "liberty" ignorance, and consequently the remotest step from mental liberty.

Man is not an absolute existence and self-dependent. His will or his word cannot make black white or right wrong. In consequence, as he is neither author nor sustainer of himself or the state in which he is placed, he must conform to the necessities that surround him. Truth was before man's appearance on earth, and will be after his departure. That which he possesses is only a little "segment of the wondrous whole," in part the endowment of his nature, and in part the fruit of his redemption. To transmute, diminish, or destroy either natural or revealed truth is not in the competence of any man. Hence it is easily adduced that true religious liberty is found nowhere without an infallible guide, where ignorance, error, or doubt cannot enter. This, by proof positive, uninterrupted claim, and long default, belongs to the Catholic Church alone, and therefore the Catholic Church is the mother of religious liberty, *i. e.*, eternal truth.

Those without the Church imagine that the laity and inferior clergy are slaves to the priesthood and hierarchy. The imagination is entirely groundless. The contradiction of this is nearer to the state of facts. Christ came not "to be ministered unto but to minister," and the same is true in an imitatory manner of the entire Catholic priesthood. Besides all this, there is no man so independent in his faith as the Catholic. He does not depend for his creed on the lips of his pastor, on the discretion of conferences, on the resolutions of synods or assemblies, but it is in common between himself and his pastor, between himself and his bishop, between himself and the Pope, and equally obligatory in its every tenet on all alike. This is the equality and true liberty of Christianity which elevate the individual beyond the invidiousness, designs, and hallucinations of the human mind. The toleration of error within an infallible Church would be the absurdest of absurdities and an evident contradiction. Even fallible Churches recognize this, as is yearly evinced in the multiplication of sects and the expulsion of refractory members. The principle of the Inquisition is held by everybody, corporate, religious, or secular, and must be held, for the sake of self-preservation. The various constitutions, by-laws, and enactments, through which society, in its divisions and subdivisions, is connected, subordinated, and governed, erect each in its own way the standard of an inquisition.

The question of tolerance or intolerance to Separatists is not at all a religious but a political one, as it relates to civil existence. There can be no doubt whatsoever but that the Catholic Church preaches, and always has preached, charity and forbearance to all men—Turk, Jew, unbeliever, heretic, and schismatic. When feudalism and its cognate jurisprudence held sway in Europe,

men who professed the Catholic religion, put persons deprived of communion with the Catholic Church, to death and the torture. This they did not arbitrarily, nor at the solicitation of the priesthood, but constitutionally, and in accordance with their own civil enactments. This was the tyranny of the State, and not of the Church; a political crime, and not an ecclesiastical oppression; a reproach to the civil magistrate, and not to the spiritual guide. On unhappy Spain, Protestant publicists have heaped their maledictions. But nothing historical is more obvious than that every reformed country of Europe had its inquisitorial tribunal as relentless, as unmerciful, and as barbarous, to say the least, as that of the Spaniards. The religious code of Sweden or Denmark was anything but tolerant or liberal; the Covenanters of Scotland were not lambs; and there still survives a race of people who underwent a persecution and outlived a spiritual domination compared with which the wrath of Nero was mild and the slaughters of Diocletian bloodless; who yet, though happily in a corrosive state, bear about them the "broken links" of a prolonged bondage inflicted by a nation professedly and clamorously free; and who can with justice and reason appropriate to themselves the lines:

"That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day."

But all those charges and recriminations may be laid down on the mouldering tombs of past generations as their proper sins and wrongdoing; and chargeable not to religion but to human imperfection,—a perpetual and terrible admonition and bloody monitor. Their misrepresentations and follies have come down to us in all their plenitude of bitterness and hatred as an heirloom. When the fires that consumed were

quenched, and the gibbets that exposed the victims—Protestant and Catholic—of the ruling faction, had fallen to decay, it had been happy for the peace of the world, if the finger of time had drawn the curtain of oblivion over the gory and frightful scenes, and shut them forever out of human memory. Many of those long years of strife, and much of the fiery enmity that distracted the nations, would be spared the human race.

An emancipated and lettered people have other means of deciding their quarrels than were used in those days of illiteracy and slavery. Reason is the unfailing beacon which nature trims for man, to guide his footsteps and direct him in his acts and predilections. To it, and not to ancestral crime or heroism, appeal should be made in judging the merits of a principle or set of principles. Former ages had their peculiar follies as we have ours. Among all those that still have countenance from man, none is so egregious as that of embracing the loves and hates of our progenitors indiscriminately and without examination, when examination may be made with facility. Thus has been echoed from generation to generation the sentiment, that popery and tyranny are synonymous, which this paper essays to disprove. Certain it is, that real religious liberty is the hereditament of the Catholic. With him, while true to himself, there is no despondency or doubt, no hours of spiritual anxiety, no season of unbelief, no mental torture, no shrinking from the future, no momentary religious exhilaration and alternate despair, no bright delusions, and no cruel portents, but serenity, resignation, and holy hope; and "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." (St. Paul, 2d Ep. and Cor. ch. iii, v. 17.) It is no less certain, that in civil matters the divine constitution of the Catholic Church enables her to go to greater lengths

than governments or human passion will allow. She has always taught the most thorough inviolability of individual rights; and it need hardly be said that all the beneficial contrivances of popular governments—

the “habeas corpus,” “trial by jury,” and the “ballot”—are fashioned with a like intent. To make man master of himself is her aim, and the highest civil liberty can have no other.

ABOUT A DIAMOND.

II.

WHICH issue, it seems a pity to record, Fashion never knew. But it invented one of its own, which answered the purposes of Gossip quite as well if not better. What matter then? Luna Springs for the remainder of the season had no charm half so fair to Gossip, half so irresistible to Fashion as the dissecting of Courtenay Brooke’s “affair,” as it was miscellaneously called, and it would have forthwith lost its zest if truth had had any part in it whatsoever. Why, then, cruelly deprive it of its zest? Its aiding and abetting in the “killing of time” alone made it meritorious.

It was then unknown to Fashion, that when Father Paul entered Miss Neil’s room, and at a sign from her the watchers withdrew, she said, with curt, decided tone, not like a dying one, certainly:

“I am not a Catholic, sir, and my business with you is not of sacraments, but about a diamond.”

Now, Father Paul was, like many Catholic priests, a man who, knowing every phase of human nature as well as it is possible for a finite being to know it, and his knowledge being the result of broad and forcible human intelligence, nevertheless from an instinct resulting from “touchiness about the interests of Jesus,” took with lightning rapidity a spiritual view of everything. This will account for his answer.

“Ah! About a diamond! At this hour, my child, for *death is nigh*, there can be but one diamond worth any thought to you,—your immortal soul.”

Miss Neil sighed.

“Think of it first,” he went on; “and if some other diamond should cause you anxiety, remember God can attend to that.”

Here his eye fell on the diamond in question, for the reason that its flash was irresistible as she raised her hand wearily to her head; fell upon it with a wondering, recognizing look; settled there with a sort of pity, a gaze that held an unspoken prayer.

“The reason I sent for you,” she said, not answering the priest’s plea, “is this,” and she held up the luminous gem to the gaze that never swerved from it; “it was taken unaccountably from the rightful owners, and after detectives had been employed in vain, and a fortune spent to recover it, it was returned through the hands of a Catholic priest, as ‘restitution’ offered in the confessional.”

“I was that priest,” he remarked, quietly.

“You!”—it was a cry of triumph—“you! then you can tell me—”

“Nothing,” he interrupted, and the voice was even more quiet than before, as if some far-off thought hushed it.

“Nothing, sir! My last year of life has been a useless effort to find

out the true history of that theft ! This gem had blighted that life long before, and the theft changed the current of another. I will give you a fortune if you throw any light on it."

"My child," said he, pityingly, "that which makes you send for a Catholic priest in your extremity is that which renders your offer of a fortune futile. I *cannot* divulge a secret of the confessional, even at the risk of death itself. That I returned your diamond is true ; that the name of its"—it was a gentle pause, in which charity softly folded her wings—"abstracter cannot be told by me is equally so. Permission was given to me to reveal that I returned it, and that for the purpose of greater good, but nothing more."

"The 'greater good !' " she echoed it meditatively, "to shield another from imputation of the theft."

He bowed assent silently, solemnly.

"Then you can tell me who did *not* steal it ! You can assure me my brother's son is *not* a thief."

"I can, indeed, truly, completely !"

"Thank God !—for oh, *I can believe* a Catholic priest !"

In the silence of clasped hands and sobbing breath which followed, he said, with that persuasive tone which is of God alone :

"My child, God has called you by this one sign, your faith in a Catholic priest. Soon the world will fade from you. Come, then, to his feet, and let the diamond and its woful story rest in his hands alone."

But she evidently wanted to get back to the diamond. "You know, sir," she said, "that diamond owns a blight in itself. It is left to the oldest daughter of the family, or if none exist, the next male descendant, on condition that he marry the lady who should be next heir."

"Thus," put in the priest, to her evident and utter amazement, "attempting to take out of the hands of

God that which is his alone, the disposal of the future ; therein lies the blight !"

She said nothing.

"My child," he still pursued his one object in coming to that strange and Fashion-environed death-bed, "let the diamond and its history rest. Soon you cannot hear my voice ; now, while you can, listen, as it calls you to God. When I was told the story of its apparently fatal power, and it was returned to you through my hands, I prayed that through God's mercy, peace from him, instead of pain from human passion and human disappointment, should be its accompaniment. Now is the moment for the fulfilment of that prayer. *You are dying* ; God has given to you a wonderful glimpse of faith, by which you are willing to confide to a Catholic priest what you would to no one else, not even your own family. Increase that faith ; let it stretch to the infinite, and forget earthly affairs in care for the jewel, dearer to God than all the diamonds of Golconda, your immortal soul."

She took the diamond from her finger. "I commit it to your keeping," she said ; "do with it as you will. This is why I sent for you."

"I will simply give it to the next legal heir," he said, "without the absurd condition attached, which alone brings the 'blight.' But your soul—are you perfectly satisfied that it should face God in its present state ?"

"I commit it also to your keeping, Father," she said, with the weary look, so utterly indescribable, which comes to dying faces alone, the look in whose weariness life is laid down ; "if at this late hour he will accept me, show me the way to his feet."

Then began the sublime ministrations of the priest to the dying, which deprive the "grave" of its "victory" and "death" of his "sting." The "blight" of the diamond was removed ; for, by the wonderful working of the will of

God, Genevieve Neil's soul, through its instrumentality, was clothed in the robe of faith, and cleansed in the waters of baptism; fortified by grace, and made ready by charity for the meeting which must soon take place between it and its Creator.

When all this was accomplished, earth and its anxieties seemed to have vanished from the mind before so agonized by them, and the shadow of death's wing began to fall so gently upon the face, radiant now with hope, and peace, and love, that rest, not pain, was its accompaniment.

They agreed not to disturb this heavenly peace by one question regarding what had seemed to weigh on her mind so heavily before. So they kept wondering watch around her, its sacred silence only broken by Father Paul's beautiful ejaculations of sorrow and love for God, always echoed in a softer tone by the voice fast falling into the depths of a silence earth can never reach. Ah! before it fell therein charity made it give utterance to that for which they longed; that which its new detachment from earthly things had made it wellnigh forget.

"Imogen, my child, Courtenay, I have a reparation to make to both of you, and then *all* will be peace. Listen, and remember in the future, Courtenay Neil is innocent; Father Paul attests it." She felt feebly for the hands quickly placed in hers, put them as before in each other's clasp, "In the name of God I give her to your care, Courtenay, dearer to me than—my—own—life."

Ah! the voice fell lower, lower at each word, found one depth of the endless silence, rested there gently, but Father Paul's fervent accents, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" called it from that sweet depth a moment longer. Obediently it rose from its coveted rest to echo them, the sublime climax of all the soul's noblest aspirations: "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" Then it

found that depth whose silence even prayer cannot break, woful depth for the unrepentant, blissful abyss of peace for God's elect!

"Dear me, how sad!" was Fashion's feeble commentary, as it became apparent to the inhabitants of the pink-and-white structure that the visitor whose entrance may not be barred by overplus of other guests had stalked into their midst. But being fertile at expedients, it soon took another thought, "What a predicament for Courtenay Brooke! Wonder if he'll get the diamond or the girl, or both? His first known effort at anything like attention to any human being ought to be rewarded!" Which thought furnished it with gossip for the rest of the day; furnished it with welcome distraction from the thought of the dread visitor; furnished it with fabric for varied theories as to the truth of what was shrouded in such impenetrable mystery by the closed door of Courtenay Brooke's room.

When, towards evening, however, that door was opened, and any one who wished, permitted to enter, Fashion, entering from pure curiosity, had its breath taken from it. For anything more lovely than the form of Genevieve Neil, "laid out" according to Catholic custom, by pious ladies of Father Paul's congregation, could not well be imagined. The face, beautiful in life, was even more so in death, for where the changeful and flickering light of life had gone out, shone the fair and undying radiance of peace eternal, and in the white and quiet hands gleamed the gold of a crucifix, token of hope to the Christian. Flowers and lights, living and tender types of immortality, gave radiance to the scene, and that sometimes around the stranger's last low couch knelt forms of Catholics, who held her not as stranger but their very own, in the bosom of the Church, only gave it the aspect of life, not death. From the sight retired Fashion, for

the moment hushed, but under the hush calmly entitling the, to it, unwonted scene one of the "poetical vagaries by which the senses are so ensnared," peculiar to the Catholic Church. After this, it applied itself to the unravelling of all the mysteries before mentioned in the course of this story.

Well, after Genevieve Neil was laid in her quiet grave, Imogen's grief was something so terrible that Courtenay Neil and Father Paul alike stood aghast before it. Neither had ever seen anything to be compared to it in intensity; this increased by the fact that it was not after the manner of youthful sorrow, noisy or demonstrative. No word spoke its greatness, no sob or tear attested its presence, but a horrible silence of woe, a dreadful and overpowering despair, unapproachable by any earthly comfort and irremovable by any human sympathy, gave proof that it was deep and that its power was a blight on the young life. Said Father Paul, using his quick insight into the hidden causes of human feelings:

"It is not alone grief for her relative; some other woe is contained in this."

So he was not surprised when, after some time, she begged for a private interview, and, asking that its disclosures might be as sacred as if she were a Catholic and he her confessor, poured out her heart to him.

The story was a tragedy, the tragedy clinging to the rays of light hidden in the marvellous core of the diamond's heart. Its telling brought the tears which would not come before, and his listening was the turning-point for the young life he lifted out of its blight and placed where no power of earth could drag it down to earth's level.

This diamond had been an heirloom in the family for years, an old and, far in the past, a noble family, which could date its ancestry back

to the days when the Wars of the Roses desolated English soil. To the fated heirloom a legend was attached that once it sparkled in the coronet of a famed Eastern princess, and that an ancestor of the Neils, going to fight for the Cross, was taken prisoner by her father and lodged in a dungeon; that the gentle princess, condescending to dress the prisoner's wounds, captured his heart by her beauty, and he captured hers by his manly endurance and lofty bearing. So she concerted a plan for his escape, and taking the diamond from her crown, she placed it in his hand as he departed, saying:

"I cannot go with thee, beloved, as thou desirest, for no princess of my house would dishonor its fair royalty by leaving it secretly. But I give thee this as an earnest that I will be true to thee. Come back from thy own land, no longer a prisoner, but attended by a goodly retinue, as becomes a knight of thy degree, and show this to my father, and thou wilt prevail, for there is a belief in our family that he who holds this diamond as his own, holds the heart of the giver. It has descended through centuries to the eldest daughter, and never was it once bestowed but that happiness came of it, for oh! she who gives the diamond, *gives her heart!*"

So he took it, and journeyed home, she in patience watching and waiting as a loving woman, of all the world, knows best how to do. When he arrived at his once fair domain, he found it impoverished, some of his family dead, others scattered far and wide, the world a blank. In the gem lay a fortune, and in the fortune a temptation. He had plighted his troth to her, and she had saved his life, and then given him liberty to bless it; but of all the world she, who watched and waited, alone knew this, and if he broke his word, none else would know. He took the fortune; he built up his name, no longer noble;

he married a fair young wife, and strove to forget the past. But it came to pass that in riot and feasting alone could he do this, and so to this came the life that might have been so lofty.

Meanwhile, the princess, the gentle and believing princess, Ilma, watched and waited, daily visiting the dungeon made dear to her by his feet having trod its floor. There would she pray to the God of the Christians to bring him back; there would she pour out tears of the true and pure love that no human power can change. But as time passed by, and he returned not, her life grew grievous beyond bearing, and one day she went down into the dungeon, and, as she knelt and prayed, the thought came to her that she would go and seek her diamond to the uttermost ends of the earth, and so find him, for he must be true, and misfortune must have caused his absence.

So she went unattended from her father's house, and praying to the God of the Christians to guide her, she set out to find her faithless lover. The legend goes on to say that everywhere her gentle bearing and royal presence won her a way. Children strewed flowers in her path, and women brought her food and drink, men, even the robbers of the forest, turned out of their way to guard her through perilous spots. And so this wondrous journey was accomplished by love and faith alone, till she entered the gate of a great city, and meeting a grand procession of ladies and knights, she saw her diamond shining on the brow of a lady transcendently fair and royal; she would have known it amongst all the gems in the world, so different was it from any other. She saluted the lady, and pointing to it with white finger, said sweetly,

"I pray you, tell me where to find him from whom you bought that; I have travelled far to find him."

"And how do you know I bought it?" interrogated the other lady; "how do you not think it a gift?"

"He who owned it," answered the faithful heart, "would not have *given* it away, but I know misfortune hath made him sell it. I pray you show me where to find him."

The other pointed to the distance.

"He comes," she said; "he is my husband, and, before our marriage, he did sell the gem to my father. Afterwards he wooed me, and now it is his and mine too!"

The Princess Ilma sat upon her white horse like one frozen to stone, moved not, sighed not, her face a shadow of what it had been, her eyes fixed on the distant horseman. He dashed up to where stood the strange group, he gave one wild look out of his bloodshot eyes, he screamed, "Good God! a ghost!" and covered his bloated face to avert the sight. Then she spoke:

"There is my diamond," she said, in a sweet, faint voice, "but what have you done with the heart it held for you?"

"This!" he cried, and plunged his cruel sword into the gentle breast that had harbored a soul so true to him.

She fell without a sign, and it is said, that at the moment when that beautiful soul must have found freedom, great light shone about the place.

Then he plunged the sword, wet with her blood, into his own heart, and dropped down, crying, "A curse and a blight to love dwell in that diamond forever!"

Now, like all such legends, this was wrapped in clouds of romance and doubt of every kind, but our story has only to do with the fact, that in this enlightened nineteenth century the family of the Neils believed it sufficiently to hold it as an heirloom, under the curious condition that ever since had been attached to it, viz., that the eldest daughter should inherit it, or, in

case of no direct female heir, the next male, if he agreed to marry her who ranked next in heirship to the oldest daughter of the house. Numberless were the legends of blighted love belonging to it, and Courtenay Neil, being many years older than his petted sister Veva, determined that she should be brought up unconscious of her fatal inheritance and its accompaniment of "blight." Possessing a large amount of common sense, he argued within himself that such things have an unaccountable influence on the average feminine mind, even as the silly words of a fortune-teller, in whom the listener professes no belief, will often change the current of that very listener's life. Therefore, he placed his young sister at a distance from his home, that no word of it might reach her, agreeing within himself that, when her fate in love should be decided without the intervention of the diamond, then would he reveal to her her ownership of the "fatal legacy," and advise her to sell it, and so do away with its "blight" for the family for evermore.

Veva Neil, beautiful, accomplished, and, in every way, calculated to win the admiration of men of the highest stamp, entered society and was speedily surrounded by a "worshipping throng," but her figure and face seemed not more statuesque than the heart beneath; it appeared immovable. It is said that people of this stamp love more deeply than those of the opposite nature, easily won, and as easily turned from the beloved object. Be that as it may, in the generality of cases, it was undoubtedly so in her. She at last loved one apparently in every way worthy of her, was pledged to be his wife, the preparations for the wedding made, the day fixed, when, like the bursting of a thunderbolt upon some calm summer-day, came the knowledge that she was sought for "the fatal legacy," alone, and

that her lover, whom she loved to idolatry, had wrecked the happiness of one who really held his heart—a school-friend of her own, too—simply to possess, in marrying her, the fabulous fortune lying in the diamond. This was discovered by her hearing a bitter interview between the two, not intended for other ears, but to which she could not avoid listening, placed as she was. It was said that nothing could be nobler or more beautiful than her conduct on this occasion. She revealed herself to them, and, standing before them in all her majesty of womanhood, she said to her lover:

"Poor Guy! What a mistake you make about my diamond! And how sad a fate to be married to one you could not love for the sake of it! If I have it I know nothing of it; but let me be to you as if I had it not. How hard a fate, to be driven by cruel fortune to such extremities as this you contemplated! Nay, you shall not suffer so. Take Alice, and be happy. My wedding arrangements shall be hers, and some of the fortune that tempted you. Be true to her, and, for the future, more faithful to your manhood than to let yourself ever for one moment be bought by gold. Become, in truth, what *I* believed you to be when I gave you my heart, for, indeed, I gave it to you in truth."

It was all carried out, but the brave and beautiful woman's heart was broken, and hers, from that hour, a martyr's life. It was one of those lives, however, whose martyrdom bears fruit to bless all others which come in contact with it, binding up wounded hearts and strengthening broken ones, from out the depths of an instinctive charity, owned by favored souls whom God intends to guide through darkness to his sacred feet. She found that she really owned the "fatal legacy," but left it in her brother's keeping, refused to have

anything to do with it, hated it, as you might some living and breathing enemy that had wrought you evil. So his only son, Courtenay, grew up to know all about it, to see it often; to hear the story of how Aunt Veva hated it, because her lover, hearing of it before he saw her, sought her out for the sake of owning it, to retrieve his own broken fortunes, and, seeming to her, nobility and truth itself, turned out to be a mere adventurer. All this time she never came near her brother's home, and at last, when he died suddenly, and Courtenay, her nephew, wrote to know what he should now do with the diamond, she answered it should be his, on condition that he would marry her ward, Imogen Hilton. At this juncture he disappeared, and the "fated legacy" too. What could be inferred but that he was the thief?

Well, her straightforward nature would not permit her to let the affair be shrouded in mystery, even though her brother's son might be convicted of guilt. She did all that wealth could enable her to do to trace the fatal diamond, but in vain, when a messenger laid it in her hand one day with the inscription on the box, "Restitution. Obtained through the confessional." From that time she wore it constantly, under the impression that whatever it touched it would blight, and to her ebbing life could no new blight come.

And now—and now—the gentle quivering voice broke here, for its own sad story was to come. The rest had been told with a hopeless air, as a duty that must be performed, and now it was over, but this, which must necessarily follow, seemed to hold both sorrow and shame for the teller. At last it burst forth in one terrible sentence, said with sharp, quick emphasis, holding truly the "blight" of the young life.

"Sir, she took me from the gut-

ter, I may say, and brought me up as her own child, and I—and I—knew who stole the diamond, and never told!"

"Child!" He could say no more.

Then she covered up her face in her hands, and wept such a flood of tears as surely made up for the unnatural tearlessness preceding it. He let it spend itself, and then said he,

"Tell me *all*, my child."

"Oh, sir!" she moaned, "I wish to, but it seems almost impossible. I could not help it. I was goaded to it."

"Well, collect your thoughts; this is a most trying effort for you, but," with the instinct usual to him, "God can do everything. He can remove all your difficulty, and he alone. If there be guilt—"

"Weakness!" she interrupted, "but never guilt—never, never!"

"Well," and the tone was divine in its charity, "God pities weakness, and remember, God's pity, like all his other attributes, is infinite."

Light broke over the shame and the sorrow of her face.

"God," she repeated, "'pities weakness.' How beautiful! I—I thought he could only despise it."

"God, my child," and the voice was impressive beyond words, "made the heart, which is so weak. Who knows the chords of the instrument like the maker? What hand can supply its defects, can repair its broken notes, can bring out its full tone, like his who made it? Ah! this Maker of whom I speak is omnipotent, omniscient, but infinite in love and in pity, as in strength and knowledge, and pity implies sympathy, and love help."

"You bring God near," said the charmed and sorrowing young soul. "He has always seemed like a far-off God, and I had no help,"

"Never far off to the soul that seeks him—even to the sinful, but

repentant soul is he so near that his presence touches it as palpably as my hand touches this crucifix." It was a simple act here to lay his hand upon the image of the wounded feet, but it fixed their wound in the doubting, wondering soul. She turned from the momentary contemplation of it to his watching face a look of perfect trust and undoubted resignation.

"I think I can tell it now," she sighed, rather than said.

"Take any time you wish," was his cheery answer.

"Sir," she said, fixing her lips firmly in contemptuous defiance of their nervous inclination to quiver, "I am the daughter, the only child, of Aunt Veva's faithless lover. My mother died when I was an infant, and my father was—was dissipated, and at last things went to ruin, so that we had no home. But, sir, though after that he led me a beggar's life, I loved him, for I was the only thing in the world he loved or minded. Aunt Veva found us out, living the lives of vagabonds, and took me for her own on condition that I should never see him again. He made me come to her, but—but he did not keep to the condition. I was only a little child, and I adored him, and often in the magnificent home she gave me I wished for our old wandering life and him. So, when he represented to me that I could see him and she need never know, and I could help him and she need never know, I yielded, and there began the weakness. Oh!" it was a burst of anguish from the lowest depths of the soul, "she is dead, and I acted a lie to her all my life, and can never make reparation now!"

"Beyond the need of it, my child," he said, gently, "and looking down with the spirit's view upon your sorrow."

"Ah! if I could realize that!" she answered, wistfully.

"You will come to do so," was

the reply, given in a tone and with a manner that seemed to her to hold inspiration in it.

"I saw my father then," she went on, "and comforted him often, and tried to turn him aside from wrong. All my own allowance of pocket-money I saved to give to him, and she—she thought I gave it in charity, and loaded me with gifts because I bought myself no ornaments, and lavished love on me because I was, to her mind, so self-denying. How strange, sir! You show no horror at my meanness; you do not even seem surprised!"

"Poor child!" was the answer; "no depth of human frailty can surprise the priest of God!"

"Frailty! what a gentle name for my crime! But I must finish for your sake as well as my own. My father, hearing that the next possessor of the diamond was to marry me, stole it, he said, to prevent this. But my father, you must know it, sir, was never true, and some other reason may have made him do so. And I, oh, dreadful thought now! let her nephew lie under the imputation of this guilt, and let her spend a fortune trying to recover it, and did not speak. Why her nephew disappeared I cannot tell you, but if he had not done so at the time, he would never have been charged with it. Hardest of all, I have never seen my father since, and he for whom I led a life of martyrdom, and acted a living lie that poisoned my whole being, has abandoned me now!"

He walked away from her; he stood at the window with his face averted, some mighty emotion evidently stirring him.

"God has been very good to you," he then said; "come with me."

He led her to his buggy standing at the door of the hotel. He drove rapidly to where stood a neat, white cottage, a little off the public road, and shaded by jasmine and honey-

suckle. He seated her in a pretty parlor, whereof the principal effects were light and bloom of flowers everywhere, and said:

"Wait a moment."

She waited the most astonished few moments that she had so far ever experienced in her life, though some of much greater wonder were to succeed. With their coming came Father Paul, radiant; held out his hand, took it in a father's clasp, and led her to a closed door, opened this, and left her.

She almost fainted; light, and bloom, and coziness again, but in the centre of all, propped up in a huge, easy chair, face as she had never seen it, arms held out to receive her, her father! With one glad cry of love, she found the shelter of his heart, so guilty, but oh, so loved, so much her *all* of life or joy! There she laid her head, fearing to speak lest it might be some beautiful dream a word might dissolve. The silence lasted long, and then his voice tenderly broke it, but only to confirm the wonderful reality, and prove it no dream:

"Now, my own child, we will never part again!"

"Never, never!" With what a sense of security the words were said.

"I am a prisoner here, dear!" and he pointed to his limbs hanging motionless; "but a willing one. The world which could tempt me, and might again, I can no longer tread. God has bound my feet, and here I *must* live the ways of truth. Your father can never be false again, for faith is his for evermore. Listen to the wonderful tale."

It took long to tell it, with his pathetic bursts of feeling, and his wanderings, to her part in the woful past. But it can be put into a few words.

He stole the diamond with "other intentions" than that of averting the "blight" from Imogen. A skilled worker, once high in his

art, and now lowered by dissipation, hearing of it, and being intimate with him as a boon companion, offered to cut it into parts, wherein it would lose its identity, for a certain share of the profit. The fortune secured, the pair were to go to Europe, and there live in princely style. It was further intended to induce Imogen to follow; but that was left to the future. Guy Melville, from his old acquaintance with Courtenay Neil's house, and the manner in which the diamond was kept, found it a matter of no great difficulty to possess himself of it by means of tools used by the sort of men amongst whom he now spent his time. It was soon secured; but, as is often the case where crime is shared by two, the temptation proved too much for his accomplice, who, as they journeyed at night along a dark road, travelling on horseback to avoid the danger of detection on trains, attacked and would have murdered him to obtain the jewel for himself, but for an intervention of Divine Providence as strange as it was merciful. Father Paul, coming home from a "sick call," passed that way, heard the wounded man's screams for help, and saved him; his assailant escaping, but without the diamond. He shot at the priest twice, but both times missed his aim, and so he was unhurt. He lifted the wounded man, wounded almost unto death, on his horse, and bore him home. It was thought no human power could save him, and Father Paul bent all his energies to prepare his soul for eternity. By degrees his exhortations prevailed, till, at length, pierced to the heart by that true contrition which can come from God's grace alone, he confided to him the woful truth, and agreed to make restitution of the robbery. After this, he recovered, to the amazement of every one around him, but deprived forever of the use of his limbs. With the hands left free, he earned the bread

hitherto given him from the priest's charity, by copying law papers and other documents for wealthy members of the congregation. Often had he wished for Imogen, often was on the point of revealing his whereabouts, but, in the depth of his sorrow for the past, argued within himself, that a fitting atonement for his wrong to her and to her protectress would be silence.

"But I loved you, father," broke from her heart; "you forgot that!"

"No, my dear, not for a moment. But I thought it were better you had never loved so wretched a sinner, and if you could be weaned from so unfortunate a love, the better for your future."

"But I could not, Father, I was not!"

"I hoped, my dear, another love would come some bright day which would absorb your heart, and in its truth and sweetness you would forget alike my falsehood and my love."

Tenderly the beautiful face, the image of his dead Alice, so wronged and so loved, became suffused, and while the rose-light still shone there the door opened, and Father Paul entered.

"Well, my child, are you satisfied?" he asked, smiling.

Her eyes full of innocent trust looked up eagerly to his.

"There is one thing, Father," she said; "one thing left which holds bitterness for me."

"And that?" but he was smiling evidently to himself.

"Aunt Veva left the 'condition' of the miserable diamond to be imposed on me."

"And you?" Again he smiled that introspective smile.

"I—I would like Mr. Courtenay Neil to know that—"

"Well," and the smile grew broader on Father Paul's fine face, "that you are not a 'condition.' It is very strange that Aunt Veva did not leave the diamond to any one but me," she grew a shade paler,

"and I handed it to the proper and legal owner, taking the liberty of removing the 'condition,' in which alone lay the 'blight,' not in the passive diamond. My dear child, the power of superstition, even over some superior minds, is insidious beyond words, and what with that fact, and what with the turning aside of people's natural bent in order to fulfil this absurd condition, the whole trouble found birth there. Watch the touches of the hand of God in this present happy issue; your aunt's holy death, your father's preservation, and I hope your own happiness, and there you see the will of God, where divine grace held sway in contradistinction to the will of man, emanating from passion, and kept active by superstition."

"True and beautiful, Father," she said; "and you have removed the diamond's blight."

"Common sense could have done it long ago, child," he answered. "Courtenay Neil the elder did his best, and Courtenay Neil the younger only disappeared from a desire to have nothing at all to do with it. He merely intended to retire awhile, till somebody else fell in love with the 'condition,'" and he smiled a broader smile than ever. "He left it to his man of business to see to the deliverance of the 'fatal legacy' into Miss Neil's hands; and it was only a coincidence not dreamed of by him, that it should disappear at the precise time he did. Having travelled to 'unexplored wastes,' for the purpose of hiding himself from the 'condition,' he never heard of the 'hue and cry' about the gem till three months ago, when he returned to his native soil. He was so indignant then at the turn affairs had taken, that he forthwith buried his identity, and made a vow, in perfect good faith, never to bear the name of Neil again, hence Brooke. To his man of business, who alone knew of his wanderings or his return, he confided his present whereabouts,

and he came here, as he said, to be lost in the wilderness of a crowd. The gentleman has been during the past hour entertaining me with this recital, and now awaits you in the parlor, Miss Melville. He—he—" and here Father Paul's smile merged into a mellow, ringing laugh—"seems rather loath to give up his guardianship. You know Aunt Veva, independently of the 'fatal legacy,' told him to 'take care of you.'"

"I cannot go, Father; I cannot see him," and the dainty hands flew to screen the crimsoned cheeks.

"That is rather disobedient to a guardian at the outset," said Father Paul.

"You—you know the wrong I did him in the past, Father."

"Oh, make your mind easy on that! I told him the story of it; and I think a plan of atonement exists in his mind which you can work out with perfect satisfaction to both, I hope."

These last words were added in an undertone, and with a twinkle of his eye, as she disappeared, saying:

"Well, I might as well bear this interview first as last, and borne it must be some time, I suppose!"

"Do you know, Guy," said Father Paul, when she was quite out of hearing; "that the most telling point in this whole diamond drama is, he has fallen in love with the 'condition' he travelled far and wide and actually forswore his family name to avoid! Ten to one if this bugbear had not existed they'd have found naturally that they were 'two souls with but a single thought,' but you see this 'blight' divided the thought of each. O, human nature, how it overreaches its own efforts!"

"You do not mean to say," began the astounded father.

"Yes," interrupted the priest, "I do mean to say that, according to all human indications, given constantly since Miss Neil's death, some time has elapsed; you know Courtenay Neil finds that the diamond with-

out the 'condition' is a very poor piece of property! My dear Guy, could the story end better?"

"Whatever you say, Father, I never deserved the treasure, and Courtenay Neil is true to the very core of his heart. Now if God would 'only bring them to the faith I have found.'"

"I have a certain hope they incline towards it now."

But here entered Courtenay and Imogen, the diamond shining on her hand, another light none less radiant in her eyes. He led her to her father.

"Sir," said he, "I have given her the diamond, and with it my heart; I relinquish her to your guardianship, and if, when I have shown her by time and devotion how truly my life is hers, she can give me back my diamond with *her* dear heart for its accompanying gift, I will take it. If not, it is hers to keep unreservedly!"

"So," cried the irrepressible Father Paul, "the fate of this much-condition-ridden diamond is now reversed! In the present phase she can only retain possession of it by *not* marrying you! Give them your blessing, Guy, and let us have an end to this."

"They have my blessing, truly," was the answer, "and with it the prayer that they may be brought to the faith which, living in me, alone makes the blessing of any value."

When Courtenay had gone, he drew her tenderly to his breast.

"Tell me, my little love," he had always called her that in her childhood, "why could you not give him his answer now? Do you not love him?"

"I cannot tell, father, whether it is the love of a life; it is so soon, and I have been so tried of late. And"—this very wearily—"I feel so mean about the way I wronged him, and how even my looks of horror when I met him at dear Aunt Veva's deathbed must have produced on

her the impression that I thought him guilty. The horror was for my own position, not his. I am very tired of it all, father, and I want to rest in your love just now. Supposing—you know he is so short a time acquainted with me—supposing this should not be love on his part, but only pity and admiration, then what misery in the future could be contained in his memory of my falsehood! I did not tell him this; I only begged his pardon for the wrong, and said I could not answer him now. So then he gave me the diamond in the beautiful way he told you himself. Dear father, let us talk no more about it—my sin is with me still, and I cannot be happy enough to love.”

He only held the drooping head closer to his heart, and prayed that God might bring her to the one place where sin can be laid down as a burden cast aside, while the soul passes into a region of light and peace.

In God’s own good time this prayer was answered. Imogen Melville’s tried soul found its way to the tribunal of penance, and the truth became her own for all time. Then happiness settled softly in her heart, and her lover, seeing the change, soon followed her example.

I cannot tell you exactly how long it took till the diamond found its way back to the original owner, devoid of condition. But I know that a day came at Luna Springs when a very lovely woman haunted its shades, leaning on the arm of her husband, and to this pair Fashion seemed nothing, and Nature everything. They were visited daily by an old gentleman, who had to be lifted in and out of the carriage, but who was

full of cheer and happiness in look and manner. Often the “Catholic priest” accompanied him. It leaked out that they dispensed charity to the poor, who are always to be found in the vicinity of “summer resorts,” with a lavish hand; that they endowed the Church with much-needed gifts; and that their wealth was but to them a means of doing good.

“La!” said Fashion, raising its eyeglass in that inimitable manner not to be caught in any effort at description, “who can they be? Why, it’s actually the girl that was married for her diamond! There, she’s got it on! Dear me!”

And this, being whispered about, Courtenay Neil roguishly rehearsed it for his wife, winding up thus,

“Many versions of our story float about the world, my dear, but it never occurs to any one that instead of marrying the lady for the diamond, I merely married the diamond for the lady.”

“And broke the spell, forever and ever!”

“Yes; romance and blight are gone. Without the condition, the diamond becomes so much filthy lucre or real estate. Let us convert it into one or the other, and make it of some use in the world.”

“We will.”

Which they did, and this must be recorded as the unromantic ending of the story “About a Diamond.” But in the record lies the significant fact that “blight” became a thing unknown to the future of the Neil family, happy, honored, and well fulfilling in their lives that divine will which led them to the truth, and gave them the grace to become living examples of its holy power.

THE POEMS OF ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

IN attempting an analysis of Miss Procter's poetry, we may well preface it by a few words concerning her life and character, because these were the roots of her verse. To speak of the dead is at all times a sacred thing, demanding heedful words and careful justice. To speak of the beloved dead is always a doubly difficult task, requiring a specially sober modesty of expression, even while giving some scope to that instinctive power of true appreciation which affection best insures. The writer of these pages knew and loved her long and well; and in so far is qualified to speak of what she was: yet of a nature which was all womanly, and which retained to its last earthly moments a singular charm of childlike playfulness and innocence,—having been, as it were, at all times sheltered from life's rougher experiences,—it is not quite easy so to speak as to bring out a distinctive image to those who knew it not.

Adelaide Anne Procter was born, in October, 1825, in Bedford Square, London; the eldest child, the "sweet beloved first-born," of Brian Waller Procter, best known to literature as Barry Cornwall. We have often heard her described as she was at three years old—"the prettiest little fairy ever seen," with fair delicate features and great blue eyes; always frail in health, but exceedingly intelligent. Mr. Dickens tells of a tiny album, made of note-paper, into which her favorite passages of poetry were copied for her by her mother's hand before she herself could write; and she very soon began to acquire foreign languages, and even to learn geometry. One of her early accomplishments was drawing; she composed little figure-pieces with grace and facility; and we remember hearing from a loving relative of Miss Procter's, many long years ago, of a

certain set of sketches of the Seven Ages of Man, done by her in pencil when she was yet a little girl. Being at the time still younger, we heard of it with a sort of admiring awe, which it is now pathetic to remember; considering in our own mind what a wonderful and even alarming little girl this must be. Some five-and-twenty years later (since her death) those little sketches came to light; the sight of them smiting upon the heart with the memory of that long-ago conversation, so full of fond hope and pride.

Miss Procter was very thoroughly educated, and from her youth went much into society, possessing in a marked degree the best characteristics of a woman of the world. Mr. Dickens says that she had nothing of the conventional poetess about her; was neither melancholy, nor affected, nor self-absorbed. What she *had*, was the ease, the polish, and the extreme readiness which we are taught to consider the traditionary charm of a Frenchwoman of the old school. To perfect self-possession she added a sort of feminine mastery of those about her. Single out any of the famous Parisians gifted with the power to win and to keep, and imagine this sort of power grafted on to a nature *au fond* very simple and sterling; and thus the reader will attain to a conception of what she was in social life. She had deep and strong feeling, which she poured out in her poetry; but it did not come uppermost in her conversation. *That* was always vivid and usually lively, and, moreover, edged with marvellous finesse. "Sweetbrier" one loving friend used to call her.

Her outward life was not very varied; but her conversion to the Catholic faith, which took place when she was about four-and-twenty, gave her a wide circle of intellectual inter-

ests beyond those of ordinary English minds. Two years later she went to Piedmont, and passed a year with a relative there. She always recalled this Italian experience with lively pleasure ; and it colored many of her poems. Her letters home were very lively and pictorial, showing that she would have excelled in prose composition.

Of her first entrance into literature, Mr. Dickens has given an amusing account : how she sent poems to *Household Words* under the signature of Miss Berwick, and how at the office they all made up their minds she was a governess ; and how Miss Berwick turned out, after all, to be the daughter of his old friend Barry Cornwall, who preferred to win her spurs with her visor down. When, some years later, she was with much difficulty induced to collect her poems into a volume, with her name, their success was immediate ; both that volume and a second series passed through edition after edition, till she truly became a *household word* in England.

There is not, alas, very much more to tell. Just when she became famous, and opportunities of literary exertion were opening on every side, her health began to fail. For three or four years before her declared illness she was very delicate, and, with the fatal animation of her peculiar temperament, always overworking herself. But that dread malady, consumption, the scourge of England, can rarely be averted when once it has marked its prey. In November, 1862, her increasing illness first confined her to her room, and very shortly to her bed. For fifteen long months she lay there, wasting gradually away ; yet not only was she patient and thoroughly resigned, but up to the very last her bright cheerfulness never quite deserted her. When not actually in pain, she would enter into conversation with all her old zest, taking just the same interest in her friends and their affairs ;

lively, sympathetic, and helpful to the end. On the very last evening of all, one of her friends, thinking to interest her in the old pursuit, brought her a little poem in proof. It was a Catholic ballad for *The Lamp*. Miss Procter was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows. She was too weak to speak any unnecessary word ; but her large blue eyes roused into their wonted intelligence as she listened ; and then, with the sweet sympathy which she at all times gave to others, she made a slight applauding motion with those slender wasted fingers, and smiled into the reader's face. It was such a very slight thing, and yet so utterly characteristic—courtesy, and kindness, and a sort of unselfish readiness surviving to the very end.

That night, an hour after midnight, on the 2d of February, the summons came. She had been reading a little book—trying to read rather—and as the clock was on the stroke of one she shut it up, and with some sudden mysterious rush of consciousness, having suffered greatly all the evening from oppressed breathing, she asked quietly of her mother, who was holding her in her arms :

“Do you think I am dying, mamma?”

“I think you are very, very ill tonight, my dear.”

“Send for my sister. My feet are so cold ; lift me up.”

Her sister entering as they raised her, she said :

“It has come at last.”

And then, with so soft a change that the anxious eyes bent upon those sunken features could hardly detect the moment of her ceasing to breathe, death came to the beloved of so many hearts. The prayers of the Church, of which she was so devoted a child, were audibly uplifted throughout that closing scene ; they were the last earthly sounds that can have reached the dulling ear. Opposite to her, as she lay upon her

little bed, was a photograph from that loveliest image by Francia of the dead Saviour lying upon his Mother's knees. At all times ardently religious, the last days of her frail life were elevated and cheered by the holy rites of her faith. As she lay in her coffin, a crucifix upon her breast, and camellias and violets sprinkled over her fair white garments, she looked the loveliest image of peace which a pure and pious life could bequeath to perishable clay. The delicate face was but little changed. Up to the very last it had retained its bright spiritual expression, just as her voice had retained its musical inflections, and her smile its splendid charm of affectionate sympathy and childlike gayety. In death that smile had vanished forever, but something of its sweetness still lingered about the brow and mouth. The tapers for which she had asked a little while previously (for the due keeping of Candlemas-day) burnt at the head of the coffin, and shed their soft light down upon that still face. When at length it was covered up from mortal sight, and all that remained of her laid in the grave at St. Mary's Cemetery, the sun shone out with the first cheerfulness of early spring. Coming from behind a little cloud, that sunshine lit up the white vestment of the priest, who, standing by her coffin in the little chapel, spoke of the joyful resurrection of the children of God. There is a little garden upon that simple grave, where fresh flowers bloom every spring; and beside it many prayers are offered up with each returning season of the year.

But we must linger no longer on memories and associations which are almost too sacred for more than a passing word. To the world at large Miss Procter is known through her genius only; but it is, perhaps, not too much to say, that through it she is also endeared in a singular degree to thousands who never looked upon

her face. To some consideration of her poems we will therefore address ourselves; the less reluctantly that they were truly so much a revelation of her life.

If canons of criticism be based on something deeper than mere superficial rules in regard to the expression of the sublime and beautiful, it must be doubly interesting to trace the causes of a widespread popularity attaching to any series of works from the same pen. Such an appreciation cannot be won by a trick of form, or by a deliberate appeal to well-known popular sympathies. It must arise from the touching of universal emotions; from a true correspondence with those thoughts and feelings which are the heritage of the race under its most general conditions, or which have become the common property of a people in all its various grades of culture.

There are two theories regarding the nature of poetry and of that genius which creates poetry, whether in literature or in the sphere of any art. They will never be harmonized; for, like many other opinions, doctrines, and theories, of which we are separately forced to acknowledge the truth, they are irreconcilable by any effort of the human understanding. One of these theories says that genius is rare, recondite, unusual; that its creations are, by the very nature of things, little likely to be appreciated; that, indeed, the higher and the deeper it is, the more likelihood there is that it will *not* be entered into by numbers. Such genius found its embodiment in the phantasmagoria of Blake, in the poetry of Shelley, in the profound insight of this or that thinker. It is the vivid but momentary flash of lightning irradiating a sombre sky; it is the gnarled and solitary pine; the deep still tarn upon the mountain-side; it is the vein of bright ore buried in the darkness of the mine; the electric thrill evoked from inert

matter, interesting, delightful, and suggestive from the very strangeness of its apparition. Who shall deny that this is *one* definition of genius, one way of picturing the idea of high art?

But there is another theory, which says that genius is that which possesses the faculty of incarnating universal affections in a type readily and instinctively appropriated by the imagination; that it painted the Huguenots, and wrought out the image of Jeanie Deans; that it sung the simple melody of "Auld Robin Gray," and accumulated the massive choruses of Handel. That—putting aside those greatest men, the Shakespeares, Goethes, and Raphaels, regarding whom criticism or definition are alike exhaustless and forever inconclusive—the most admirable genius is that which thrills in the ballads, the religious literature, and imitative art of a people; and which a whole nation "will not willingly let die." Such genius, such art, is like the fair sunshine upon corn-fields, the rippling of the running stream, the silver surface of the lake, the profuse luxuriance of spring and autumn woodlands. It embodies light, air, and the song of birds, the solemnity of the universal twilight, and the radiance of the universal dawn. Almost every one can see and feel it in *some* wise, though the keenness of the appreciation will be in proportion to the sensitiveness of the eye and ear. Who shall deny that this is another and equally true description of the highest genius and the noblest art?

The poems we are now considering, and which have won such general admiration wherever they have become known, belong to the latter class of works of art. Their simple delicate beauty appeals alike to men and women, and to the soul of the young child; their transparent clearness is that of an unusually lucid intellect; their profoundness is only that of a believing heart. She who wrote them would often say, with a

certain characteristic simplicity, "I only write verses,—I do not write poetry;" and would fasten upon the products of some powerful and mystic mind as an illustration of what genuine poetry ought to be. But the misestimate was great. The absolute absence of claptrap, of any appeal to the passions of the hour or the idols of the people, showed that if these volumes lay on so many tables, and their contents were so often sung and quoted in public and in private, as expressing just that which everybody had wanted to say, the reason lay deeper than the ring of the verse-writer who knows how to play into the fancy of the multitude. They are popular because they are instinct with dainty feminine genius, and reach the hearts of others with the sure precise touch of slender fingers awakening the silver chords of a harp.

Three volumes originally comprised the whole of Miss Procter's writings: a first and second series of Legends and Lyrics, and one of religious poems, published for a night-refuge kept by Sisters of Mercy. The whole *three* have been published in America in one small but excellently got-up volume, at once a casket and a shrine (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston). Of the secular poems, we would attempt a slight analysis of contents. There are fourteen legends or stories, long and short,—little tales in verse, of which the gist generally lies in some very subtle and pathetic situation of the human heart. Anything like violent wrong or the ravages of unruly passion seemed rarely to cross this gentle imagination; and yet the legends are nearly all sorrowful; but the sorrow seems to spring from nobody's fault, and perhaps for that very reason it is all the more sorrowful, for repentance will not wash it away. Little dead children borne to heaven on the bosom of the angels while their mothers weep below; or a dying mother,

dying amidst the splendors of an earl's home, and calling to her bedside the son of an earlier and humbler marriage, revealing herself to him at the last; or the history of a stepmother, long loved but late wedded, and who had given up the lover of her own youth to a younger friend, and afterwards taken the charge of that friend's jealous and reluctant children; or the pitiful tale, since elaborately wrought out by Tennyson in his *Enoch Arden*, of the sailor who returns home to find his wife the wife of another man. In one and all the pathos is wrought out and expressed with the most extraordinary delicacy of touch. The reader says to himself, "Nay, is it so sad, after all?" And yet it is; sad and spiritually hopeful too; sad for this earth, hopeful for heaven. This seems the irresistible conclusion of almost every tale; even the story of the stepmother, supposed to come quite right at last, is made inexpressibly plaintive by being told by the first wife's nurse—she who "knew so much," and had lived with her young mistress from childhood, and would not call the cold husband unkind; "but she had been used to love and praise."

In others of these legends the telling of the tale is simpler, the pathos more direct, but almost always strangely subtle. In "Three Evenings of a Life," a sister sacrifices her own hopes of married life that she may devote herself to a young brother who needs her care. But the young brother marries—a catastrophe which she does not seem to have contemplated; and she finds too late that her sacrifice was useless; and, what was worse, that the bride is ill-fitted to sustain him in his life or in his art; and the unhappy sister

" Watched the daily failing
Of all his nobler part;
Low aims, weak purpose, telling
In lower, weaker art.

" And now, when he is dying,
The last words she could hear
Must not be hers, but given
The bride of one short year.

" The last care is another's;
The last prayer must not be
The one they learnt together
Beside their mother's knee."

Herbert sickens and dies, leaving the poor weak little Dora to Alice's care; and we are told how Alice cherishes her, and bears with her waywardness through sad weeks of depression, till news comes in spring that Leonard—the rejected lover—is returning from India. Now Alice is free! Now she may love Leonard and lean upon his strength. He comes; the little household smiles once more. Summer succeeds to spring; when one twilight hour Alice is aware of the perfume of flowers brought into their London home. She goes out into the passage, and through a half-opened door hears Leonard's voice.

" His low voice—Dora's answers;
His pleading—yes, she knew
The tone, the words, the accents;
She once had heard them too.
' Would Alice blame her?' Leonard's
Low tender answer came:
' Alice was far too noble
To think or dream of blame.'
' And was he sure he loved her?'
' Yes, with the one love given
Once in a lifetime only;
With one soul and one heaven!'

" Then came a plaintive murmur:
' Dora had once been told
That he and Alice—' ' Dearest,
Alice is far too cold
To love; and I, my Dora,
If once I fancied so,
It was a brief delusion,
And over long ago."

Very tender and touching is the description of the forlorn woman's recoil upon her brother's memory:

" Yes, they have once been parted;
But this day shall restore
The long-lost one; she claims him;
' My Herbert—mine once more!'

One of the most highly finished of the legends is "A Tomb in Ghent," setting forth the life of a humble musician and his young daughter. It contains lovely touches of description both of music and architecture. How the youth knelt prayerfully in St. Bavon,

" While the great organ over all would roll,
Speaking strange secrets to his innocent soul,
Bearing on eagle-wings the great desire
Of all the kneeling throng, and piercing higher
Than aught but love and prayer can reach, until
Only the silence seemed to listen still;
Or, gathering like a sea still more and more,
Break, in melodious waves, at heaven's door,
And then fall, slow and soft, in tender rain,
Upon the pleading, longing hearts again."

Not only what he heard, but what he saw, is thus exquisitely imaged in words:

"Then he would watch the rosy sunlight glow,
That crept along the marble floor below,
Passing, as life does, with the passing hours,
Now by a shrine all rich with gems and flowers,
Now on the brazen letters of a tomb;
Then, again, leaving it to shade and gloom,
And creeping on, to show, distinct and quaint,
The kneeling figure of some marble saint;
Or lighting up the carvings strange and rare
That told of patient toil and reverend care;
Ivy that trembled on the spray, and ears
Of heavy corn, and slender bulrush-spears,
And all the thousand tangled weeds that grow
In summer where the silver rivers flow;
And demon-heads grotesque that seemed to glare
In impotent wrath on all the beauty there.
Then the gold rays up pillared shaft would climb,
And so be drawn to heaven at evening time,
And deeper silence, darker shadows flowed
On all around,—only the windows glowed
With blazoned glory, like the shields of light
Archangels bear, who, armed with love and might,
Watch upon heaven's battlements at night."

The second critical division of Miss Procter's poems comprises those beautiful lyrics, many of which have been set to music, and all of which are full of the melody of rhythm,—inspired; as it were, by a delicate Æolian harmony, having its source in the fine intangible instinct of the poet's ear. Amidst more than a hundred of such short poems and songs, selection seems nearly impossible to the critic. Many of the little pieces and many of the separate verses are destined to float on the surface of English literature with the same secure buoyancy as Herrick's "Daffodils," or Lyttleton's verses to his fair wife Lucy, or Wordsworth's picture of the maid who dwelt by the banks of Dove. They have that short felicity of expression, that perfect finish in their parts, that causes such poems to abide in the memory, or, as the expression is, to "dwell in the imagination." In the six verses of "The Chain,"

"Which was not forged by mortal hands,
Or clasped with golden bars and bands,"

is one—the third—which exemplifies our assertion. It reads like one of those immemorial quotations we have known from infancy:

"Yet what no mortal hand could make,
No mortal power can ever break;
What words or vows could never do,
No words or vows can make untrue;

"And if to other hearts unknown,
The dearer and the more our own,
Because too sacred and divine
For other eyes save thine and mine."

Two songs, written in the quaint irregular metre delighted in by the seventeenth-century poets, seem like forgotten scraps by one of the more elegant contemporaries of Milton; these are, "A Doubting Heart," and "A Lament for the Summer;" of which the first and last verses are instinct with the feelings of October days.

"Moan, O ye Autumn Winds,—
Summer has fled;
The flowers have closed their tender leaves, and die;
The lily's gracious head
All low must lie,
Because the gentle Summer now is dead.

"Mourn, mourn, O Autumn Winds,—
Lament and mourn;
How many half-blown buds must close and die!
Hopes, with the Summer born,
All faded lie,
And leave us desolate and earth forlorn."

Equally musical, but full of the more personal sentiment of our century, is that lovely song, "A Shadow," beginning,

"What lack the valleys and mountains,
That once were green and gay?"

Quite different in tone, full of ringing harmony, is the little poem of "Now."

"Rise, for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you—
Each man has some part to play:
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day."

And so on, through four spirited verses. Something in these strikes the ear as peculiarly illustrative of the active pious spirit of her who wrote them, of the voice whose every tone was so clear, and of the smile whose arch intelligence conveyed the same expression of lively decision.

We must now bring our remarks to a close, having tried to indicate the different qualities of Miss Procter's verse. The permanent place which it will retain in English literature it is not for us to decide. She has had the power to strike the heart

of her own generation by its simple pathos. That it is purely original of its kind can hardly be denied; but it is hard, if not impossible, so far to separate ourselves from the standard of our own generation as to

judge where the limits of the *special*, and therefore the *transient*, elements of fame are passed. But we at least must not be wanting in gratitude to one of the sweetest singers of the day that was hers and our own.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

At the Synod of Thurles in 1850, the Irish Bishops resolved to found a Catholic University, in which the Catholic youth of Ireland should receive the highest education, based upon the religion which has been the glory of the Irish race for fourteen centuries. Funds for its maintenance were soon placed at the disposal of its founders; the first public collection was held on St. Patrick's day, the 17th of March, 1851, and in May, 1854, the Bishops, assembled in synodal meeting in Dublin, canonically erected the new university upon the model of the Catholic University of Louvain. On Whit-Sunday, the 4th of June following, the Rev. Dr. Newman was solemnly installed as first rector. Cardinal Cullen addressed him on the occasion in the following memorable words: "And you, Reverend Father, to whom the execution of so great a work is committed by the Church of Ireland, allow me to exhort you to meet the difficulties and trials which you shall have to encounter with courage and determination. You shall have with you the blessing of the successor of St. Peter, the sanction and co-operation of the Church of Ireland, and the fervent prayers of the faithful; all difficulties will gradually vanish, and a fair and open field will be presented to you for your labors. Teach the youth committed to your care to cultivate every branch of learning, to scan the depths of every science, to explore the mysteries of every art;

encourage the development of talent and the flight of genius, but check the growth of error, and be a firm bulwark against everything that would be prejudicial to the interests of religion and the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church. In all circumstances, and at all times, let it be your care to infuse a strong Catholic spirit, a true spirit of religion, into the tender minds of youth; make them understand the value of that element, of that *aroma scientiarum*, without which the sciences only corrupt the heart and spread baneful influences around them. In this way your labors will tend to restore the ancient glories of this land of saints, you will enrich the state with faithful, obedient, and useful subjects, and give to the church devoted and enlightened children."

Dr. Newman lost no time in endeavoring to carry into effect the instructions contained in these few sentences. He commenced his great work under favorable auspices. He had with him, as Cardinal Cullen said, the sanction and co-operation of the Church of Ireland; he had the authority of the successor of St. Peter as a guarantee of success. He had the active support of the Catholic people of Ireland, for whose benefit the university was founded. He was well fitted by disposition and education to execute successfully the task committed to his charge. He had been the brightest ornament of one of the most renowned seats of learn-

ing in Europe. He had already, by the vigorous and eloquent productions of his pen, won a European celebrity. His name at the time was the theme of every tongue, and it was considered providential by many that the government of the Catholic University was intrusted to a man of acknowledged genius and extensive learning. His long experience as a Fellow in Oxford was no small qualification for his position. A prodigy of knowledge himself, he prized knowledge wherever he found it. It was his wish to employ as his colleagues men whose learning could not be questioned, whose reputation as ripe scholars was beyond dispute. He knew that it is an honor to be praised by those who have won praise, and that degrees conferred by distinguished professors would be valued by the successful student and by scholars in every civilized land. He realized his wishes, and selected and engaged as professors men eminent in every branch of science and of letters. Some of them had been distinguished students of Oxford and Cambridge, others had carried off the highest honors of Trinity College in the Irish metropolis, others had by their writings won triumphs in literature. No selection, however, gave such satisfaction to the people as the appointment of Eugene O'Curry to the chair of Irish history and archæology. This true lover of his country's ancient glories had devoted the best years of his life to the study of the Irish language and of Irish antiquities without reward or encouragement. In poverty and obscurity, he labored indefatigably in the field of Irish archæology, while men with a superficial knowledge of the Celtic tongue were receiving public honors to which he was justly entitled. For many years he was employed as a mere drudge in Trinity College, translating Irish manuscripts for a miserable pittance. Others often deprived him of the poor satisfaction of giving him credit

for what he had done. He opened and examined the sealed book of his country's history, and scholars appropriated the fruits of his labors! The late Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, was a generous patron of Celtic studies, but few will have the courage to assert that he bestowed upon Professor O'Curry the patronage which he deserved, or rewarded him with an adequate remuneration for his services. He assisted Dr. O'Donovan in translating the annals of the Four Masters, yet this fact is known only to a few. Thus the greatest Irish archæologist of the age—a benefactor of his country who deserved a statue from the chisel of a Phidias—might have passed through life unknown and unhonored, had not the Irish hierarchy established a noble seat of learning where he could devote the closing years of his life to his favorite studies, and transmit in a permanent form the results of his glorious labors to posterity. When introduced and recommended to Dr. Newman, he was immediately appointed Professor of Irish History and Archæology. The appointment was pleasing to Cardinal Cullen. No man knew better than he the worth of Professor O'Curry, or valued more highly the services which he could render to Catholic truth and historic truth by his antiquarian researches, his examination and translations of the early and later annals of Ireland and her faith. He was a quiet, silent worker, a true Christian patriot, a faithful friend, one of those great and good men of whom Ireland will be always proud. Dr. Newman's government of the Catholic University, notwithstanding the opposition he had to meet, was very successful. While discharging the duties of rector, he found time to write and publish those admirable lectures on the use and scope of university education, which could be read with interest and studied with profit in our higher institutions of learning in the United States. By voice and pen he gave a

strong impulse to the cause of higher education in Ireland. Having resigned his position in 1861, he was succeeded by the present rector, the Rev. Monsignore Woodlock. Dr. Woodlock has the advantage of being a good Irishman, and it is unnecessary to say that the Irish always wish to see men of their own race filling the positions of presidents and professors of their colleges. A gentleman of varied attainments, great zeal and energy, unostentatious piety, and high administrative abilities, Dr. Woodlock has raised the academic importance of the Catholic University, and increased the number of its friends, by his wisdom, his prudence, his generous spirit, and kind heart. He has unceasingly advocated its claims to legal recognition, and fearlessly defended the immortal principle of Catholic education. Clad in the triple armor of justice, he must ultimately succeed in obtaining a charter for the institution for which he has so nobly, so earnestly, and so strenuously labored during the past fourteen years.

Strangers who are unacquainted with the history of Irish education, or who receive their information concerning Irish affairs from the hired scribes of the London press, cannot sympathize with the cause for which Dr. Woodlock has so long fought against fearful odds. To such persons a brief sketch of the Irish education question may be interesting and instructive. A love of learning is one of the strongest passions of the Irish race. It is one of the chief characteristics of the Irish people to-day, as it was in those halcyon days, when Ireland was the light of Europe, when the golden lamp of religion hallowed with its heavenly light every lake and river, every hill and valley, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, when the Universities of Armagh, Cashel, Lismore, Ross, and Bangor reawakened the echoes of the academy and lyceum, when students from distant lands received

a liberal welcome and gratuitous instruction in those monasteries which for ages dispensed the blessings of Christian knowledge, when Columba evangelized North Britain, and Columbanus, like a second Elias, renewed the piety of earlier times in Gaul and Italy, when, in a word, the universal suffrage of mankind accorded to green Erin the proud title of "insula sanctorum et doctorum," "the island of saints and of scholars."

We learn from authentic records that in the year 513 there were 7000 scholars at Armagh; that in 901 there were 5000 students and 600 conventual monks at Cashel, under Cormac, king and archbishop; and that Lismore and Bangor numbered each 5000 students. "Ireland," says an eloquent and learned writer in the *North British Review*, "appeared to the world as a university, to which it was natural for students to resort from all quarters to complete their studies. From this university island, a multitude incessantly swarmed in all directions, from Iceland to Italy, to spread collegiate training with the Christian faith; to found, not only churches and monasteries, but schools and universities." The Northmen, or Danes, attracted by the natural riches of the island, plundered many of its noblest monasteries, and banished the muses from many of its highest seats of learning. After a fierce struggle, however, which continued for two centuries, the Danish power in Ireland was crushed forever on the plains of Clontarf. This victory was soon followed by the Anglo-Norman invasion, which revived the worst features of Danish barbarity, and renewed the savage atrocities of Turgesias and his myrmidons. From the Anglo-Norman invasion, 1169 to 1537, the education question in Ireland was *political* and *English*, as opposed to native.

The statute of Kilkenny, which was enacted in 1367, abolished the

Brehon laws, and prohibited every usage and habit of the "Irish enemy," the legal description of the Irish people by English jurists and statesmen for more than four centuries. What wonder that the Irish were disaffected through ages of bondage and slaughter!

The statute of Kilkenny justified the murder of a mere Irishman. The same spirit—the spirit of conquest rule—which enacted that infamous statute inspired the penal code which followed the violated treaty of Limerick. The Protestant penal laws in Ireland were only a reproduction of the Catholic Anglo-Norman penal code. *Vae Victis* was the motto of the legislators of the first period; *Vae Victis* was the motto of the tools and minions of Elizabeth and Cromwell, of William III and Queen Anne. From 1537, when Protestantism was first introduced to the notice of the Irish people, down to the present time, the education question has been Irish and Catholic, as opposed to English and Protestant. The policy of sectarian ascendancy replaced that of race ascendancy.

Walker, in his *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, tells that in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII, a law was enacted ordering the Protestant clergy to keep parochial schools and "promote the English order, habit, and language." By the act all persons were prohibited from wearing coulins (long locks) on their heads; but the prohibition was disregarded by the native population, and Irish maidens still preferred the youth with the flowing locks to the noblest representatives of the English strangers. Moore, in one of the most beautiful of his Melodies, represents an Irish maiden addressing her lover in those well-known and patriotic lines:

"I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair."

The persecution of the bards only

increased their number. "The charms of song," says Moore, "were ennobled by the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics." At the close of the sixteenth century the waves of ruin swept with fearful force over Ireland. Her magnificent cathedrals were levelled in the dust, her schools proscribed, her monasteries destroyed, her hallowed asylums of charity demolished, her clergy imprisoned, exiled, or executed on the scaffold for the crime of loving their religion and country. It would seem, says O'Daly, that the infernal pit itself had conspired with the dark and deadly passions of men to root out the very name of Catholicity from the country. The blood of the martyrs, however, was the seed of Christianity, and the persecutions of the Irish Church, though unparalleled in the annals of tyranny, were instrumental in giving her new strength and vigor.

When Catholic education was proscribed at home, Irish colleges were established abroad. France, Spain, and Italy still gratefully remembered the colleges, scholars, and hospitality of ancient Erin, and kings, princes, nobles, and prelates vied with each other in assisting her unconquerable exiles to found noble seats of learning, in which the knowledge of the Celtic language and the early records and annals of the Irish Church could be preserved from the vengeance and vandalism of their persecutors. The College of Salamanca was established in 1582, that of Alcalá in 1590, that of Lisbon in 1595, that of Evora in 1595, that of Douai in 1596, that of Antwerp in 1600, and that of St. Anthony in Louvain in 1606. Colleges were also founded for Irish students in Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Nantz; at Lisle, Tournay, and St. Omer. Paris and

Rome increased the number; and when Trinity College, with its ample endowment and rich landed property, had the reputation of producing but few capable of maintaining the reputation of their country for learning, the persecuted Irish exiles triumphantly asserted the supremacy of Irish genius in foreign lands. Penal legislation against Catholic education continued in full force during the reigns of James I and Charles I, and was one of the intolerable grievances which made the condition of Irish Catholics unenviable—one of unmixed misery and degradation. In their "humble remonstrance" to the king in 1641, the northern Catholics stated that one of the grievances, which had driven them to take up arms, was that the "youth of this kingdom, especially of us Catholics, is debarred from education and learning in that no schoolmaster of our religion is admitted to be bred beyond the seas, and the only university of Ireland (Trinity College), doth exclude all Catholics; thereby to make us utterly ignorant of literature and civil breeding, which always followed learning and arts, insomuch that we boldly affirm we are the most miserable and unhappy nation of the Christian world." The Cromwellian policy, which left nothing undone to root out the religion of the people, and which held society unrelaxingly in its grasp for a century, compelled many Catholics to seek a foreign education.

The wily statesmen, who then ruled Ireland with a rod of iron, saw the danger of foreign education, and resolved to remedy the evil. In 1695 an act was passed to "restrain foreign education," which enacted that if any should go abroad, or send another, or transmit money for the support of those in foreign colleges, he should be disabled to sue, in law or equity, to be guardian, executor, or administrator; to take legacy, or deed of gift, or to bear office, and should forfeit lands and goods for

life. Thus the Catholic parent, who endeavored to have any of his children educated abroad, was deprived of every civil right. He had no legal existence in the land of his birth; he lived by the connivance of his Protestant neighbors. Fourteen years later, in 1709, this atrocious act was supplanted by another statute, which rendered it almost impossible for an Irish Catholic to give his child a Catholic education, at home or abroad, for seventy-three years afterwards. A reward of fifty dollars was offered for the discovery of a Popish schoolmaster. The penalty of teaching school was transportation, and if the offender returned, he was to be hanged, disembowelled, and quartered. Despite the terrors of penal legislation, however, the brave hedge-schoolmaster communicated to his fellow-Catholics the information, literary and scientific, which he had acquired. Though informers tracked him to his hiding-places, though dogs were set on his trail, he still taught school in mountain glens, in the midst of moors, in the dark recesses of woods. The priest and bishop were also schoolmasters; they braved the terrors of the law, to keep the lamp of learning from being utterly extinguished in their native land; with patriotic devotion and Christian heroism, they daily exposed their lives to danger, to slavery, or death, in order to minister to their afflicted flocks. Sometimes clad in the robe of a physician, sometimes in the rags of a mendicant, sometimes in the uniform of a soldier, sometimes in the frieze of a peasant, the faithful soggarth instructed his oppressed countrymen in religion, literature, and science. The different disguises which he assumed often saved him from a cruel death, for the "priest-hunter," the "priest-seller," with his blood-hounds, was always on his track. What people upon the face of the earth except the Irish could have battled successfully against the most atrocious penal

code that ever cursed humanity, a code which Samuel Johnson described as worse than the ten persecutions of the 'pagan emperors, and which the great Edmund Burke stigmatized as the most perfect engine ever invented by the perverted ingenuity of man for the degradation of human nature itself? Ireland and her exiled children, in every quarter of the globe, still suffer from its baneful influence. The legacy bequeathed by this Julian code to the masses of the Irish population is social, physical, and political degradation. Well may the Celt exclaim, with Davis:

"What wonder, if our step betrays
The freedman born in penal days!"

Fire and sword, the gibbet and the axe having failed to subvert the faith and destroy the nationality of the Irish people, the English government, in 1782, condescended to permit Catholics to teach school, but the concession was subject to two conditions, the schoolmaster should obtain a license from the Protestant bishop of the diocese, and was forbidden, under severe penalties, to teach a Protestant. This first relaxation of the educational penal code contained a proviso against "the erection or endowment of any popish university or college." This generous concession (!) was made when the electric eloquence of Grattan had inspired the proud spirit that marshalled the glorious army of the volunteers, and when the American colonies, after a gallant and successful struggle, had won their independence. The second relaxation, in 1792, permitted Catholics to become barristers, attorneys, notaries, and attorneys' clerks. In 1793, they were allowed to study and obtain degrees in Trinity College, but they were excluded from its government and emoluments. The next educational boon was the establishment and endowment of the College of Maynooth in 1795; a college which was destined to become one of the

greatest ecclesiastical seats of learning in Christendom. The ghost of foreign education still haunted English statesmen, and they resolved to give the Irish clergy an opportunity of receiving a high education in their own country.

The Emancipation Act, in 1829, gave no new educational privileges to Irish Catholics. The national system of education for the poor was, according to the confession of the late rationalistic Archbishop Whately, an agency for "weaning the Irish from the abuses of Popery." "I cannot venture openly," said that inveterate enemy of the Catholic faith, "to profess this opinion. I cannot openly support the Education Board as an instrument of conversion. I have to fight its battle with one hand, and that my best, tied behind me." The establishment of the Queen's colleges was considered a wonderful boon, but the education imparted in these hotbeds of infidelity was rejected with scorn by the clergy and people. The benefits of Trinity College are enjoyed by Episcopalian Protestants, who scarcely number one-tenth of the population. It stands on the confiscated grounds of the Augustinian Monastery of All Hallows, founded in 1166 by King Dermot (MacMorogh) of Leinster. It has been, since its foundation, a promoter of civil discord, a bulwark of Protestant ascendancy, a stronghold of bigotry and intolerance, and a nursery of the petty tyrants who robbed and plundered the people. No Catholic can even still share its emoluments without renouncing his faith. No Catholic can study in its halls without running the risk of losing his faith. The number of those who became apostates in Trinity College can never be known till the last trumpet sounds. When Catholics were first admitted to study in the university in 1793, it was gravely deliberated in the family circle of Moore, the Irish poet, whether he ought not to be entered as a Protest-

ant. The worthy parents of the poet gave no countenance to the proposal, and rebuked those who suggested the idea. Had Moore entered Trinity as a Protestant, his immortal Melodies would have been lost to Ireland, for apostasy kills genius as well as patriotism. Trinity College is the richest and most amply endowed university in the world. It possesses landed property to the extent of 200,000 acres of the best soil of Ireland, and the annual value of this property—the confiscated grounds of Catholics—is said to be \$500,000. In addition to its landed property, it has an annual endowment of \$320,000. Truly the Irish education question is no mere sentimental grievance. The Catholic University is still unchartered and unrecognized by the English government, while Trinity is maintained in its position of proud pre-eminence for the exclusive benefit of a section of the population. Legal recognition is refused to an institution which is a living protest against infidel teaching, and a practical expression of the views of the bishops and people on higher education, because it is Irish and Catholic. “Were this institution,” says Cardinal Cullen, “hostile to the creed of our fathers; were its teachings and traditions directed to cast reproach upon our country, its claims would have long since been considered, a charter would have been granted to it, and the cultivation of science within its halls would have been encouraged by the munificence of the treasury. But its claims now remain disregarded, and our repeated demands receive no response, because it is a Catholic institution, in which science walks hand in hand with religion, and in which the interests of Ireland are not ignored.” The fact that Irish Catholics have already contributed \$800,000 for its maintenance, is a proof that they are determined to patronize no system of education, university, intermediate, or primary, which is not

based upon the Catholic religion, and that they are unanimous in their resolution to give their children, at any cost and at any sacrifice, an opportunity of receiving a pure Catholic education. It must be remembered that, when the Catholic University was established, famine and pestilence had decimated the population. During the period of its existence, the Catholics of Ireland have devoted their energies to the noble task of building churches, schools, and convents, and founding colleges and charitable asylums. This fact enhances the sacrifices which they have made to support and maintain a great intellectual centre for the development of the national genius and the expression of the national mind. Proscribed by the state, the Catholic University has rendered noble services to Ireland. Its success under the most discouraging circumstances is the wonder of its enemies. Already it has sent three hundred medical practitioners to different parts of Ireland, to England, the Colonies, and the United States. Neither Ireland nor England can boast of any school of medicine superior to the medical school of the Catholic University. The professors are the leading physicians of Ireland, and one of them, Dr. Lyons, has won a European celebrity. He stands at the head of his profession in his native land, and is consulted annually by hundreds of Americans who visit Europe for the purpose of recruiting their health. The labors of Professor O’Curry in the field of Irish antiquities have been continued by his patriotic successor, Professor O’Looney. Professor O’Curry’s lectures on the manuscript materials of Irish history were published at the expense of the University, and his manuscript glossaries, a work which embraces thirty thousand Celtic words, and which has been copied and set in order by Mr. O’Looney, will be soon published for the benefit of archæologists and the students of philology. Dr.

Woodlock has reason to be proud of his services to the Catholic University. The publication of O'Curry's manuscripts has immortalized his connection with higher education in Ireland. Many students of the Catholic University are at present distinguished journalists in Ireland, England, and America, and it is necessary to add that, if they are true to their alma mater, their influence for good cannot be overrated. They can proclaim before earth and high heaven the infamy of the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic government which still curses five millions of Catholics with a living remnant of the penal code, to embitter the recollection of what has been abolished. Who could believe that the legal position of Catholic education is precisely the same at the present time as it was in 1782, when Irish Catholics for the first time during a century were allowed to teach school? A remnant of the

penal code still forbids "the erection or endowment of any Popish university or college" in Ireland. The forty-seven colleges and high schools, which have been erected in Ireland since 1792, come within this prohibition. Maynooth is the only exception. The existence of the Catholic University is a direct violation of an express clause of that relief act which has made it possible to have Catholic judges. It is not probable, however, that the penalty of transportation or death will be inflicted upon any of the professors. Though the spirit that inspired the penal legislation of other times still lives, the friends of Catholic education are daily winning new victories. The Catholic University is the best hope of Catholic Ireland. Its cause is the cause of truth, and no matter how often, or how long truth may be vanquished, her final triumph is certain.

Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.

THE DAY JUST MADE.

WHEN sinks the sun behind the mountains lone,
And, for his gorgeous rest, finds depths unknown,
All nature softly weeps that he is gone ;

And weeping, in the shadows of the night,
Sweet peace she finds, that ne'er dwelt with the light,
And smiles creep tender over vale and height !

Till fair she waits arrayed for the new dawn
In calm repose, the friendly shadows gone
That veiled her tears in myst'ry all their own.

Lo ! where earth smiles to heaven in meeting rare,
Soft glides the royal dawn, in presence fair,
And bright reveals the sun, *but waiting there !*

And fair the glory shed o'er hill and vale,
Earth's very tears to diamonds turned ! Ah ! pale
The sunset's vanished gold, as this we hail !

Forgotten its departure—fled night's shade—
And earth, in robes of light, all proud arrayed,
Soft rises to salute *the day just made !*

* * * * *

O Night upon my soul ! I weep, I weep,
Within thy shadows, lone to me and deep,
Dost thou, beneath thy veil, my lost peace keep ?

For my fled sunset, with its glow of gold,
That did my spirit in such rare spell hold,
Hast thou new light, my shadows to enfold ?

And canst thou gather up the tears my heart
Drops o'er the day just dead for it ? A part
Of its poor life they seem, as hot they start !

Canst gather them, O Night ! for the new day
As gems to shine ? In mists of peace array
My soul to meet it on its radiant way ?

And oh ! sad night of grief but God can know,
Wilt vanish with some dawn, and tender show
My soul new light for my lost sunset's glow ?

I enter thee—I meet thy awful shade—
My hand in God's right hand all humble laid,
Till He shall bring me to *the day just made*.

"SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY."

I.

AT CADIZ.

INEZ RAYMOND thrust aside the window-curtain, and turned her face towards the sombre old church. She stretched out her hands, and wrung them with a movement that expressed intense agony, and the forgotten tears on her cheeks seemed to dry in the ardor of her look of supplication.

Beneath, in the open patio, under the shade of orange trees, a procession wound through ranks of kneeling people, and entered the church-door. Clouds of incense, faintly tinged by the setting sun, entangled themselves in the tree-branches, and then arose, like prayer escaping from the grasp of earthly thoughts.

In the room, on a low couch, lay a man past middle age, with streaks of white in his dark hair. His eyes

were closed, and the many wrinkles on his cheeks and forehead seemed to be traced in the palest wax. Apparently, he was immobile. No breath parted the closed lips—only a slight dilatation of the nostril showed that he still lived. He had received the viaticum. The priest, Père Zacharie, held the crucifix before him. All was silent. The Sister of Charity ceased for an instant to read the prayers for the dead.

On one side was the dying man, serene, peaceful ; on the other, his daughter, living, yet suffering intolerable anguish, and almost fighting with Heaven for her father's soul. Death seemed easier than life.

"Inez !"

In an instant she was at his side. Could it be that God had answered her ? was her thought. Could it be that he had restored this life ?

He tried to smile—that old, sweet

smile which Inez knew so well. His eyesspoke. Père Zacharie understood him at once, and taking a small packet from the table, he put it in Inez's hand. The dying man looked into his daughter's face again, and then turned his glance towards the crucifix.

De Profundis—

As if turned to stone—a statue of despair—Inez stood, silent, tearless. She was an orphan, alone in the wide, wide world.

From the patio came the adoring chant of priest and people before the Host. Slowly, softly it sunk into silence with the departing soul.

*"Qui vitam sine termino,
Nobis donet in patria."*

Those words, fragrant with the sweetness of a thousand benedictions, aroused the girl from her frozen dumbness.

"O God!" she cried, "only give him eternal life—eternal peace with thee, and do with me as thou wilt!"

II.

FATHER ZACHARIE'S LETTER.

In a quiet street, a kind of no thoroughfare, in which the houses, as much alike as a dozen pins in a row, are best described by that detestable word "genteel," live the Leighs.

On this dazzlingly bright September morning, the little dining-room looks very pleasant and comfortable, Carved brackets, hanging-baskets, and a hundred nameless tokens of good taste and woman's care, are everywhere visible. The place is bright and cheery, which qualities the sunbeams enhance by peering through the sparse and russet grapevine leaves at the window, and, having gained courage, making gradual encroachments among the silver and delicate china of Martha Leigh's cherished heirloom—her grandmother's breakfast set.

Martha Leigh puts on her spec-

tacles, and opens a letter she has just received. The postmark is foreign, and the paper thin and crackling. As she bends slightly forward, you notice that her refined and gentle face wears a careworn look that can only have been impressed there by years of patient sufferings. She is past forty, but she looks older. Her dress is precise and Quakerlike. Her gown, of her favorite stiff, gray material, falls in ungraceful folds around her, and her dark-brown hair, still untouched by time, is covered by a cap of black lace.

Opposite, lazily sipping his chocolate, and shading his face with a white hand, on which sparkle several rings, sits her brother, Archer. He is older than his sister, but he has taken more care to conceal the ravages of time, though he has not succeeded in covering the traces of early dissipation. His face is flabby and of an opaque whiteness, but well covered by a luxuriant and artistically dyed beard and mustache. His eyelids droop a little, and when he smiles—which he seldom does at home—his lips disclose a set of teeth too brilliant to be true. He puts down his cup, toys impatiently with the tassels of his gorgeous dressing-gown, and then says irritably,

"Well, Martha?"

Martha has averted her face, and her glasses have become so damp that she cannot see the writing.

"*He* is dead," she answers in a low, tremulous voice.

"I am not in the habit of trying to solve conundrums," returns her brother. "*Who* is dead?"

She does not answer. She does not hear. Her mind has gone into the past. She sees him—the dead—in the pride of youthful manhood. She hears his voice mingling with hers in the old-fashioned duets to the music of her grandmother's tinkling piano. She goes back to a certain afternoon, when, beneath the mulberry tree in the prim old garden, she plucked apart the petals of a

daisy, repeating the school-girl charm, *il m'aime, il ne m'aime pas, passionnément, pas du tout*, and when she said, "he loves me," he, standing beside her unseen, had made her pause. And then!—tears fill her eyes, and she drops the letter. Her brother bends forward, and seizes it.

"The spectacle of a woman of your age acting in this way is simply ridiculous," he says, with a sneer. "It is John Raymond who is dead. I thought if *I* were to die you would be less concerned no doubt."

"Archer!" she says in meek deprecation.

He applies himself to the letter, which is dated from Cadiz, and written in French by Père Zacharie, S. S.

"Died on the 15th day of August, in the hope of a blessed immortality, having devoutly received the last consolations of the Church," he mutters. "Umph! so John Raymond died a papist. What is this about a daughter? I have forgotten all my French."

"When alone with me a short time before his death, he solemnly implored me to place Inez in the care of you, Mademoiselle Leigh, whom he termed his earliest and best friend. I have obeyed him as far as I could. She will sail for your city in the next steamer, in care of her father's old housekeeper."

Archer Leigh's face flushed with anger.

"Do you mean to let that man's daughter come here?" he demands.

His sister answers yes without raising her eyes.

"She shall not come, I say. John Raymond left his own country to avoid imprisonment, and now he sends this young beggar here to live on our charity. I'll not stand it! You know very well that our income is insufficient for my—our wants."

"We must economize," Martha says, timidly.

"Haven't I economized until I can no longer associate with gentlemen? Look at the miserable claret

we had at dinner yesterday, and I can hardly raise enough money for gloves and the hire of a horse! When the season really opens I shall be ashamed to show myself anywhere! Economize, indeed!"

Martha was silent. Forbearance with her was a virtue daily practiced. She did not remind this specimen of masculine selfishness that for years he had been living on her slender income, and acting the rôle of a man of leisure and fashion wholly at her expense. Archer Leigh—handsome Archer Leigh *then*—had been spoiled by foolish parents. Martha, living with her grandmother, had escaped their influence. Before he was twenty-one he had made his *début* as an accomplished "society man," and before he was twenty-five he had rushed through the fortune bequeathed him by his father. After that he allowed himself to be supported by his sister, waiting to marry money. The spider watched; the flies were wary; and he still waited. His life had been a failure—a deeper, darker, more miserable failure than even his sister believed.

"Now, don't be absurd, Martha," he continues, in a calmly argumentative tone. "Show some respect for my opinion, on this occasion at least. Do something to prevent this girl's coming."

"I cannot. If I were base enough to refuse asylum to John Raymond's child, it is too late now. This letter has been delayed. Inez Raymond, Father Zacharie says, was to start in the Aspen. The Aspen is due tomorrow."

"I will not have this girl here—to be a burden on us, and to make things uncomfortable for me! Dick is bad enough!"

"Archer," answers Martha Leigh, slowly, and with a visible effort, for she has been accustomed to bow to her brother's will in all things. "Archer, you force me to do a hard thing, which is to remind you that this house is mine, and as long as I

live John Raymond's daughter shall never lack a home!"

Her thin hands tremble, and she nervously casts down her eyes; but he sees that she is resolute.

He mutters something under his breath, and then says, brutally, as he leaves the room—

"I will make this house too hot to hold her!"

"On whose devoted head is my amiable uncle's vengeance to fall now?" demands a clear voice; and a young man enters the room. His eyes are blue, his face is ruddy, and his hair light and curling. His very step has a cheery sound. He takes Martha Leigh's face between his hands, and kisses her.

"Good morning, Aunt Mar!"

"Behave yourself, Dick. Late as usual, and you didn't get home until after twelve last night. When will you learn to keep good hours?"

"How can you expect it, Aunt Martha? You refuse to let me have a night-key," he says, in an injured tone, "and it takes at least three-quarters of an hour to climb the back fence and open the kitchen door. If I had a key that time would be saved, consequently I would be in bed three-quarters of an hour sooner. Logic is logic, that's all I say."

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" Aunt Martha says, between a smile and a tear.

"Uncle Archer is getting more disagreeable every day. I wouldn't stay here another hour if it wasn't for you. By the way, who came in for his ill-humor this morning?"

"There's a young lady coming here," returns Martha, evasively. "A young lady from Spain, Inez Raymond. Her father was American, her mother Spanish. She has lived in Spain all her life."

"A young lady coming here! That's news. When is she coming?"

"Probably to-morrow. You will take me down to the steamer to meet her. You can get off from the office?"

"The people down there *may* manage to spare my valuable services for a few hours. Uncle doesn't like this *senorita*, and intends to make the house 'too hot to hold her!' That's it, is it? Well, I hope she may turn the table. Is she pretty, Auntie!"

"I don't know, yet she must be handsome if she resembles her father. Why?"

"Because," answers Dick, with preternatural gravity, "I don't want to fall in love; I'm in love already."

"Oh, Dick, Dick! with whom?" cries his startled aunt.

"With you, of course, Aunt Mar!" And having finished a huge breakfast, Dick Leigh makes his exit, laughing.

"Poor, dear Dick," sighs his aunt, "I am afraid he is drifting into bad company. Oh, dear, I wish I knew how to keep him at home more—but Archer never gives the poor boy any peace."

And, full of doubts and perplexities as usual, Martha Leigh takes up her burden of household cares.

III.

"FROM TAWNY SPAIN."

INEZ RAYMOND has come, and a week has passed since her arrival in the quiet, shady street. Her companion, Margaret Daly, an old Irish-woman who lived for many years in the Raymond household, and who loves Inez as if she were her daughter, is trying, under Miss Martha's teaching, to learn American "ways." Inez, however, has not seen much of New World customs, for since her arrival, she has kept within her room. This is her father's country, and the sight of it brings him back to her. All day long, with the warm fervor of her nature, she weeps and prays for him. Thus far her uncle has contented himself with a cold bow to her whenever they happened to meet, which was only twice. Dick Leigh thinks that "she is a regular

stunner," and, having boldly proclaimed his admiration, receives a five minutes' lecture on slang from his aunt.

Inez Raymond is, without doubt, beautiful. Her hair and eyes are black like her mother's. Her complexion is rather dark, with, at times, a rose-tint, which she derives from her northern blood. She is somewhat below the middle height. Her voice is very low and sweet, "an excellent thing in a woman." In her moods, she is as changeable as the wind. One moment grave, dignified, ladylike; another, laughing, mischievous, girlish. In two things, she is always the same—in her love for her faith, and her love for her dead father. Her mother she cannot remember.

On Sunday she comes down to breakfast, but speaks little. Although she has spent many a weary hour over Ollendorf, and her mind is stored with many thrilling sentences relative to the "golden candlestick of the tailor," etc., she is still doubtful about her English. Talkative Dick is reduced to silence in her presence. After breakfast he betakes himself to a sofa, where, under cover of a newspaper, he can watch Inez.

"I have forgotten to give you something," she says, turning to Martha Leigh. "Here is a letter for you from my father, and also this packet, which Père Zacharie desired me to tell you must be kept in a safe place."

The letter was addressed to Miss Martha Leigh. The packet bore Inez's name, "to be opened on her twenty-first birthday." Archer Leigh takes it in his hand, and scans it curiously.

"And now," says Inez, and her sweet tone robs her words of the *brusquerie* they might seem to have, "I am going to Mass. Are you going, *Senorita*?"

"No," whispers Margaret Daly, who happens to be passing behind

Inez's chair; "no," she says, "they are heretics."

Inez looks regretful, and turns to Dick. "And you, *Senor*, are you—I beg pardon if it be not the right word—are you, too, a heretic?"

Dick, not quite understanding, shakes his head negatively.

"Then, *Senor*," she continues, gravely, "you should go to Mass. It is not good for a young man like you to be—what you call it?—lazy, idle on the Sunday. Margaret and I are going. We will wait for you. Is it not the custom here, *Margaret*?"

Margaret Daly is divided between laughter and frowns. Dick hurries away to brush his hair, without having the least idea whither he is expected to go.

When the three start, it is discovered that Inez deludedly believes every ecclesiastical-looking edifice to be a Catholic church, and, consequently, they wander into several Baptist and Methodist chapels before reaching the object of their search.

"It seems, *Senor*," says Inez, severely, "that you have not been at Mass for a long time, since you do not even know where the church is."

Dick, not wishing to commit himself, smiles vaguely. They are in time for high Mass. Inez, who has arrayed herself in black, and who would have done so for church-going, even were she not in mourning, is astonished by the gay dresses of the ladies. She thinks their attire in bad taste, and longs to lecture them. Accustomed to the churches at home, she is struck by the long lines of straight pews. When the *Kyrie* begins, however, she forgets these minor differences. Dick has never been in a Catholic church before in his life. From his heart he admires the rapt devotion of the people, and at the elevation, he feels a sudden thrill himself, and almost involuntarily bends low with the rest.

Margaret lingers behind them, as they enter the street. "Oh, you here yet!" exclaims Inez, as if she had forgotten him. "I hope your unusual devotion has not fatigued you, Senor."

"By no means, Miss Raymond; the ceremonies were new and interesting. That was my first visit to a church of your religion."

"And you are a her—not a Catholic. Oh! I beg your pardon. Margaret did not tell me, or perhaps I did not understand. I am very stupid in English, though my father often spoke it."

"Nor did I understand; but, all the same, I have spent a most profitable morning."

"And why are you not a Catholic?" asks Inez, after a pause.

"I'm sure I don't know—probably because my parents were not Catholics."

"Yes? But then," earnestly, "I do not think that you are a fool—"

"Thank you."

"And you have eyes, and ears, and reason. You are not like a mule—"

"No—that is, I hope not."

"Then why are you not a Catholic? Why do you not believe?"

Dick searches his mind for an answer to this rather *naïve* question.

"Well, I don't believe in some things your church teaches. There's the infallibility of the Pope."

"The in-fal-li-bil-ité," repeats Inez, trying to catch his pronunciation. "Well, continue, Senor."

"Now," returns Dick, determined to do his level best, "you believe that your Pope is infallible because St. Peter was infallible. If St. Peter was infallible, how came he to deny his Master? I have her there!" thinks Dick, triumphantly.

"Oh," says Inez, in a despairing tone, "you will never understand! My father knew a heretic at Cadiz, and he did always say what you have said, over and over. The Apostle Peter was a man, he could sin like

other men, yet he was infallible. To be infallible is not to be impeccable. The Pope can sin, but when he decides on matters of faith and morals, he is infallible. *Do* you understand?"

"Yes," Dick replies, "I never saw it in that light before. A prophet, the Scripture proves, may fall, and yet be truly inspired."

"You are not as stupid as I thought, Senor," Inez consolingly remarks.

Martha Leigh has read John Raymond's last letter, in which he solemnly intrusted Inez to her care. "There is no other to whom she could go," he said; "no other from whom she would receive a mother's care."

"He did well to trust me," she thinks. "I thank him for it. He knew that my heart was his daughter's rightful place."

"Inez is not penniless," she says to her brother, as she locks the sealed packet in her old-fashioned sideboard, where the remnant of the Leigh plate is kept. "She has about three hundred dollars a year. Père Zacharie has made arrangements to have it paid regularly."

"Umph! An immense sum!" responds Archer, sneering. "John Raymond did not thrive in Spain, it seems. Disgraced men seldom thrive anywhere."

Martha starts and shivers at the word "disgraced," as if, Margaret Daly would say, somebody were walking over her grave.

"How old is this girl?" he asks.

"Eighteen."

He walks over to the sideboard, and carefully examines the lock.

Inez's life flows smoothly enough. She is an enigma to everybody, including herself. She is as variable as an April day, yet through all her moods there runs such an undercurrent of good intention that Aunt Martha cannot scold her.

"She will be a noble woman, I hope."

"An' sure she will!" responds Margaret Daly, up to her elbows in dough. "The changeable spring comes before the constant summer."

"Yes," sighs Martha Leigh, thinking of *her* spring, "these girlish vagaries are only the spray cast up when the streams of girlhood and womanhood meet."

In another room Inez is heard playing the piano, and singing an Andalusian peasant song,—

"Si me pierdo, que me busquen."

Dick tries to follow the joyous measure with his flute; he is her devoted slave now. Inez's presence has accomplished what his aunt's mild expostulations never could. He stays at home o' nights, and Archer—the season has not yet opened, and he is at home too—remonstrates in vain against being disturbed by their music.

In a short time, Inez learns silently to manage everybody. Even Archer reluctantly allows himself to be influenced by her. He fears and respects her, for he has an uneasy idea that she has fathomed his arrantly selfish character.

Aunt Martha no longer sacrifices all her little comforts for him. Inez, with wonderful tact, gently but effectively interferes whenever Archer makes an unreasonable demand.

Inez, having found the church, goes to Mass every morning, and Martha Leigh has acquired the habit of accompanying her. Dick generally sees them as far as the corner on his way to the office.

Martha Leigh seems to have grown five years younger since Inez has come. Gentle to a fault, yielding and somewhat undecided, willing at any time to sacrifice her dearest wishes for those she loves, it has been her lot to meet with ingratitude and lack of sympathy. Her orphan nephew Dick never voluntarily gave her pain, but he could not understand her. In Inez Raymond she has found

a soul that appreciates and strengthens her own.

She is finding peace—the something for which she longed during her unrestful life—the peace of God.

IV.

A STRANGE BARGAIN.

INEZ, like many of her mother's countrywomen, has a remarkable talent for improvising melodies. This morning she feels sad and cheerless, for the winter has come, and it seems as if summer will never again fill the world with light and perfume. She finds it difficult to sew, and going to the piano she tries to make music for the sad, sweet words in Hamlet—

"Why let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away."

But Margaret Daly's tones, high and loud in the kitchen, break discordantly into her music. Inez hastens to throw oil on the troubled waters, if possible. She pauses at the door of the kitchen.

Margaret seems greatly excited; but she is generally excited while composing her culinary speciality, which is a cross between an olla podrida and an Irish stew.

Near the table, his gloves and hat in his hand, his coat buttoned up, and a tuberosc in his buttonhole, stands Archer Leigh. He is arrayed for conquest and morning calls.

"Be calm, be calm, my good woman," Archer is saying, as he waves his hand gracefully. "I don't care whether John Raymond was wealthy or not. I asked only out of curiosity."

"You have your answer. It's neither your business nor mine."

"But," returns Archer, determined to exasperate the old woman, "I can't help feeling amused when I see Inez Raymond queening it here, and I remember that she bears a tarnished name—that she is a felon's daughter."

"Say that again if you dare, Senor!"

The words are low and clear. Archer Leigh steps back. Inez stands before him. Fire seems to glow in her dark eyes, and she holds her hand on her breast, as if to keep her passion from bursting out.

"You had better not say it again," cries Margaret, seizing Archer Leigh by the arm. "I know all, Mr. Leigh. Whisper. I nursed my master through the fever, and, in his ravings, I heard it *all*. Tell my young mistress you have lied!"

"You are a perfect fury, woman!" responds Leigh, not altogether at ease. "I am sorry that you listened, Miss Inez. Your father may have been a very good man—in his way." He bows mockingly, and leaves the room.

"What did he mean, Margaret?"

"How should I know, child?"

"You do know!—you do know!"

Neither tears, caresses, nor entreaties move Margaret from her firm silence.

Inez waits until Martha returns from some housewifely expedition on which she is bent. She wonders how she can find what she wants to know without alarming Martha, and she hits on a leading question.

"And so some people think that my father did a great wrong, Aunt Martha?"

"Yes, child, but I never believed it," answers Martha, unguardedly. "But who told you?"

"Never mind. *You* do not believe it. Tell me it, auntie, quick!"

"Well," sighs Aunt Martha, "it is a sad, sad story, but a short one. Your father and I were to be married, Inez. Did he ever tell you that? I thought not. Well, John Raymond and Archer were both clerks in my father's counting-house. John used to come to my grandmother's often. Ah, those were happy days!—so happy that I would give all my life to see them again, Inez. I, poor, thoughtless girl, ex-

pected that they would stay forever; but they flew away very fast. Somebody in my father's employ committed a forgery, which involved great loss. John was accused; the evidence was against him; he could not prove his innocence. The thing was kept quiet, but my father and Archer made me release John from his engagement. After that he went to Spain, and I—I have suffered cruelly ever since. If I had only been firm and true!"

Inez says nothing. Her mind is a chaos. Oh, if her father had spoken only once of all this! If he had said, "I was not guilty," she would be content now. He had spoken no word. It could not be possible that he—her father—whom she had loved and revered as a being almost perfect, could have done this thing!

"Oh my God!" her heart cried, "save me from believing him guilty. Let me know that he was innocent, and then do with me as thou wilt! I give myself to thee!"

For days there was no more music. Dick's flute sounded once or twice in a melancholy way, but Inez seemed not to hear it.

Several times lately Martha Leigh has missed the key of her precious carved sideboard. She has always found it again, however, in unexpected places.

"I am becoming old and forgetful," she thinks.

Archer Leigh has grown kinder and exceedingly courteous towards Inez lately. Dick is surprised, and somewhat jealous; Martha cannot understand, and Margaret Daly is suspicious.

Inez is quiet and thoughtful. She seldom speaks. She is trying to solve a problem. Was her father guilty? The state of her mind could be comprehended by few among us, because among us Americans of the North there are not many natures like her. Her whole life

just now is one meditation on this question.

Archer Leigh wears his new disguise well. An inexperienced observer would probably take him for a gentleman. His manner towards Inez is half-paternal, half-loverlike. She avoids him.

One evening, Inez is alone in the little parlor. Warmth and light are within; darkness and fast-falling snow without. Her thoughts are more in sympathy with the cold and the darkness.

Archer Leigh enters, and draws a chair near hers. She does not notice him, and yet in a few short words he asks her to be his wife.

She arises, and looks at him. That look is sufficient to make him lower his eyes,

"You must have a very poor opinion of me, Senor."

Her cutting tone exasperates him. He cannot keep his temper.

"I have a very poor opinion of you—but not of your wealth," he retorts. "And I tell you that Dick Leigh shall never be your husband. I hate him—the impudent, young puppy! I would kill him sooner than see him a rich man and me a beggar."

Inez thinks that he has taken too much wine. She scrutinizes him closely. It is not so.

"And so you think that I am rich?"

"I know it. I will tell you something, and I defy you to use it against me in any way. I have opened that packet in the sideboard."

Inez starts, and then says coolly, "Indeed? You are a villain, Senor. Père Zacharie told me that the packet contained a copy of my Spanish grandfather's will—"

"So it did, but it contains it no more. Here is the will, and also my con—"

Archer Leigh does not finish the sentence. A strong hand arrests his arm in mid-air. Before he can move, or even speak, the two papers have

changed hands, and Dick Leigh towers above his uncle like a wrathful giant.

For a moment or two the three stand motionless. Then Dick gives the papers to Inez, while he holds back his uncle with his right hand.

Inez moves as if to interfere, but she involuntarily obeys Dick's words. "Go!" he says, "leave us. I wish to speak some words to this man."

"Stop!" says Archer Leigh, averting his face. "That paper which you hold in your hand is my confession. I forged the check, and threw the guilt on your father. In a fit of remorse—I was young and foolish then—I wrote that confession. In fact, he forced me to write it, but he never used it, because he loved my sister."

Inez devours it with her eyes. Again and again she reads it. A joyous light illumines her face.

"I thank thee, O God!" she cries, in an ecstasy of gratitude. "I thank thee! My father was innocent!"

It is as if she said *Nunc Dimittis*.

"Now that you have read this paper," Archer Leigh says, "I may as well tell you that I was glad to find it in your packet, among other documents not so important. Your father loved me once, and for the sake of that early friendship, as well for the love he bore my sister, he was merciful. Will you be less so? I do not plead for myself; I have no right to your mercy; but for the sake of my sister and the good name of our family I ask you to grant my prayer. Say you will do this, and I will leave this place forever."

Inez does not answer in words, but taking the paper in her hand, she walks to the gaslight, and holds it beyond Dick's reach until it drifts to the floor—light ashes.

"What have you done, Inez? What have you done?" cries Dick, in a tone of angered surprise.

"What have I done?" replies Inez, calmly, and with tears falling on her

cheek, "I have left a sinner in the hands of God."

Martha Leigh's eyes are red from weeping. Margaret and she are bending over a huge trunk. Inez, dressed as if for travelling, stands near the window, looking dreamily into the street. Dick, pale and worried, is tugging at a pair of shawl-straps.

"The carriage is here," Margaret says, and in the next minute the four enter.

Inez is putting into action her secret resolution. For three years she will remain in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. After that she will go to Spain, and take the veil. She gives herself to God.

"Good-by, Dick," she says at the railroad station, holding out her hand.

"I love you, Inez," he falters.

She puts her hand over his mouth. "I know it, Dick. Learn to love

God, and we will meet in heaven! *A Dios.*"

The train flashed past. She is gone. Martha Leigh bursts into tears. Dick feels as if the sun had set forever.

Inez, Sister Maria of the Cross, is happy in her cloister. The wayward humors of her girlhood are past. A great calm peace has covered her soul. Margaret Daly lives among the Little Sisters of the poor, working with them, and aiding them in many ways. Aunt Martha and Dick live together in the quiet street. Dick is older and graver. He can never forget Inez. He, too, is a Catholic.

Archer Leigh kept his promise, and is now in another land. Now and then a letter from "over the sea" reaches his faithful sister, which tells a tale that makes her heart throb with gratitude, for out of the wreck of her brother's blasted life God is rescuing a human soul.

SEPTEMBER.

Lo! the languid Summer lies
Down upon her couch of pain;
And the look that 's in her eyes
Says she will not rouse again:
Tend her well, sweet love, for you
Will mourn her all the winter through.

Was not this a wondrous web,
Woofed with happiness, she wove,
Ere her power had reached the ebb,
And her arm with winter strove!
But she claims the gift she gave
To fold around her in the grave.

We must yield—alas, ye know,
Ere the fields have lost their green,
I must with the summer go,
Where the wave will roll between;
But when birds again do sing,
I will come and crown the spring.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

ITS NECESSITY.

ARTICLE VII.

To those who are disposed to receive "accomplished facts" as something irrevocable and just, the title of our present paper may sound strange and anomalous. There is no elasticity in that word *necessity*; it is too unyielding, too uncompromising. We hear those accommodating individuals suggest that the *convenience* of the temporal power of the Popes would read much better, and its tone would not be dogmatizing. The present age is not fond of dogmas. They are imperious, overruling, overweening, overawing; everything, in a word, but what is accommodating and consentaneous with freedom of thought. We will confess, in the outset, our inability to act upon these suggestions. If we spoke of the existence of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, or its future restoration, otherwise than as a necessity, we would depart from the teaching of the ecumenical hierarchy of the Church, both of ancient and modern times; while our attention to facts, and the inevitable conclusions which follow from them, would be very slight indeed. As for the "accomplished fact," we reason in this manner: A fact accomplished is not a fact justified, no more than is a robbery or an assassination to be accepted as legitimate and lawful actions. To reason from the side of justice, the question here is like that of Achab and Naboth. Achab conceived the idea, that, by the addition of Naboth's vineyard, his own garden would be complete and beautiful. Naboth not being willing to sell it, the king took it away from him. The action was

unjust, and the prophet Elias did not hesitate to inform Achab that he had sinned. Let us bring the matter nearer home. Suppose that the government of the United States, with the view of completing the map of their possessions, annexed Mexico and Central America, and afterwards adduced in justification of the act, that it was an accomplished fact, therefore just. We are positive that the good faith and exalted sense of justice, which are characteristic of the Americans, would be shocked not a little. And yet, the captious phrase seems to have rendered them myops to the monstrous injustice of the annexation of the States of the Church, that little patrimony of Christ's vicars, which was as sacred and inviolable as the vineyard which Achab appropriated. We know how he atoned for his fault, and the painted reprobate of her sex who counselled the deed became food for the dogs of Jezrahel. Waiving further Scriptural allusions, let us come to the point, the necessity of the temporal power of the Popes.

It *was* a necessity during its ten centuries of formal existence, it *is* a necessity at this day; what its importance may be in the future we cannot even surmise. 'It *was* a necessity when faith was stronger than the most immovable mountain, when devotion to the Holy See and to the sacred person of its vicar was generous and universal, when Christian potentates bowed the head in reverence before the majesty of him who held in his hand, not the sword of intimidation, but the peace-boding keys of heaven, and even the rugged, unthinking Goth stopped short in

his depredations, abashed and overcome by the presence of Peter's successor. If it were possible to obviate the necessity in the Roman pontiffs of a temporal sovereignty, the devotion of the princes of Europe in the middle ages would certainly have suggested some means of doing so, and the Popes would have been spared many a bitter trial. The devotion of the Christian powers of those days to the See of Rome was sincere and efficient. They might not have been capable of drawing up such a monument of provisions and promises as the "Papal Guarantees" of recent fabrication, but they could and would have effected, in reality, all that is set forth in the promises of the Italian government. Their good sense, however, coupled with good faith, showed them the inutility of such a measure. They reasoned thus (and their logic still holds good): The independence of the Roman Pontiffs, as such, is absolutely necessary. But in no other capacity excepting that of civil princes can they enjoy this independence. Therefore, their temporal sovereignty is of necessity. It is needless to say that the Catholic hierarchy regarded the matter in the same light. The unvarying line of action followed by every one of the Popes, from Stephen II, the first "pontiff and king," down to Pius IX, proves this. Every usurpation, on the part of the rapacious princes of the middle ages, was followed by the most solemn protests and excommunications. Times, and customs, and politics too might change, but the opinion of the Church remained always the same, though there was no question of dogma. Let us go back to the middle of the thirteenth century, and hear the terrible anathema pronounced against the red-bearded perjurer, Frederick II, by the Pope (Innocent IV) and bishops of the universal Church, assembled in the general council of Lyons (1245). Time and again had the

emperor invaded the Papal territories; time and again did he seek a reconciliation with the Pope. But *tamquam canis reversus ad vomitum*, he violated his promises, and began his depredations anew. He finally went so far as to meditate the assassination of the Pontiff. Innocent fled to Lyons and convoked a general council, to which he summoned the emperor. He did not make his appearance, and, despite the prayers of Thaddeus of Suessa, the advocate of the emperor before the council, sentence of excommunication was pronounced. While the Bull was being read, the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and abbots stood up, holding lighted torches in their hands. At the conclusion of the reading they threw down the torches, trampling them under foot. Thaddeus of Suessa, who loved the emperor dearly, left the council hall, pronouncing, with tears in his eyes, the sorrowful words of Scripture, "*Dies illa, dies iræ calamitatis et miseriæ!*"—O that day, that day of wrath, of calamity, and misery! They were prophetic words. Fifty years after the once powerful House of Suebia drifted away like a shadow from the face of the earth. Whether it was a judgment of God or not matters little here, but the judgment of the Pope and the bishops is a positive manifestation of their sentiments on the necessity and inviolability of the patrimony of the Church, which they defended with so much energy and eloquence. Their sentiments were those of the universal Church, and it may not be supererogatory to remark that England, Ireland, and Scotland were represented in that memorable assembly, by the bishops of Canterbury, Lincoln, Winchester, Armagh, and St. Andrew's. Come down two centuries later, and witness the proceedings of one of the greatest councils recorded in ecclesiastical history, that of Constance (1414). It was a time of universal woe for the

Church. The seamless robe of Christ seemed to have been rent into three parts, each of which represented a Pope, who contended for the sovereign pontificate. More than three thousand and ninety-one ecclesiastical dignitaries, including cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbots, theologians, and heads of religious orders—not to mention sixteen hundred dukes, princes, counts, and barons—assisted at the council. From the 4th of July, 1415, to the election of Martin V, effected on the 9th of November, 1417, the Church was without a Head, and was entirely governed by the council. It is a singular fact that, although composed of the most heterogeneous elements, the council, in conjunction with the spiritual government of the Church, scrupulously administered the temporal patrimony of St. Peter. This fact shows what an importance they attached to the material means of the Church, even at a period when her very existence was in question. There are seven letters of the Fathers of the Council of Constance still extant. Four of them are addressed to the citizens of Corneto, near Civitavecchia, and the other three to the citizens of Viterbo. They contain dispositions for the administration of public affairs, appointments to civil offices, etc. They are stamped with the usual Papal Bull, having on one side an incision of Saints Peter and Paul, on the other the keys, surrounded by the inscription, "*Sacrosancta Synodus Constantiensis*"—The Holy Synod of Constance. The same century is also memorable for another celebrated council, that of Basle. In this assemblage, too, the temporal sovereignty of the Popes was discussed, and in the deliberations of the fathers we find the following important declaration: "Virtue without force is but slightly respected, and the Pope without the patrimony of the Church would be merely the servant of kings and

princes." The Catholic hierarchy of to-day not only re-echo this sentiment, but in a powerful declaration, drawn up and signed by the bishops of the Church assembled in Rome, in the June of 1862, they set forth the intrinsic reasons why the Pope, together with his spiritual authority, should also possess temporal power. In the first place, the Roman Pontiff, to discharge his Apostolic mission with efficacy, must be free and independent of every human influence which can in any way thwart him in his action. This argument was used by the illustrious Count de Montalembert, in an address to the *Corps législatif*, wherein he advocated the necessity, on the part of the Imperial government, of defending the temporal possessions of the Holy See. "The liberty of Catholics," said he, "must have the liberty of the Roman Pontiff as a condition *sine qua non*. Because, unless the Pontiff, as supreme judge and tribunal, from whom there is no appeal, the living organ of Catholic faith and law, be free, neither can we be free. Therefore, we have the right of demanding from the political authorities protection for our faith, liberty in matters of religion, and in him who is the living and teaching religion." Now this independence of the Pope should be supreme and unlimited. For either he is a subject, or he is a sovereign. To be a subject is incompatible with the very nature of his office. He must exercise authority over subjects and kings alike. He must direct the latter, counsel, and very often reprehend them. We quote from the declaration of the bishops: "We recognize the civil sovereignty of the Holy See as something necessary and manifestly instituted by divine Providence. For it became the Roman Pontiff, as head of the whole Church, to be subject to no prince, nay, to be the guest of no one; but to reside in his own dominion, to be his own master, and in an independ-

ence, noble, quiet, and perfect, to protect and vindicate the Catholic faith, and to direct and govern the whole Christian Republic. Who will deny, in the existing conflict of human things, and opinions, and institutions, that there should exist in the extremity of Europe, between the three continents of the old world, a middle and, as it were, sacred spot, a most august seat, whence arises, for princes and people alike, a great and powerful voice, the voice of justice and truth, which favors no one in preference to others, is obsequious to the will of none, which no one can silence by fear, or circumvent by trickery? How could the bishops of the Church, even on this occasion (June 8th, 1862), assemble here to deliberate with your Holiness on grave matters, if, coming as they do from different climes and peoples, they found a ruler in these parts who would regard their own sovereigns with suspicion, or, being himself suspected, would be hostile to them? The duties of a bishop are those of a Christian and a citizen. The one is not antagonistic to the other, yet they are different. How could both (duties) be discharged by the bishops, unless there were a temporal sovereignty in Rome, like that of the Roman Pontiffs, free from all foreign right, a centre of universal concord, savoring nothing of human ambition, and doing nothing to acquire further earthly domination? We come here independent, to an independent Pontiff and King, to consult with him on the interests of the Church as pastors, on the interests of the country as citizens, not neglecting our duties, either as pastors or as citizens.

Here we will ask a question. Supposing that Pius IX reconvoked the Vatican Council to-morrow, could the bishops of the whole Catholic world go to Rome, "independent, to an independent Pontiff and King, to consult with him on the interests

of the Church as pastors, on the interests of the country as citizens?" We doubt it, and the Catholics of the world at large would doubt it, and thus the existence alone of a doubt in the matter destroys the conception of independence. This brings us to another consideration. The Pope must not only be free and independent in himself, but Catholics must be inwardly and thoroughly persuaded of this, before they can render unqualified obedience to the Papal decrees. Let it be borne in mind that we are reasoning from a principle which does not fall to the ground, because the astonishing intrepidity of our present glorious Pontiff precludes the possibility of suspicion that his decrees are influenced by any external circumstance. Pius IX himself dwells on this principle, in a letter which he wrote from Gaeta, in 1848: "Among the causes of our departure, there is one of the greatest moment, namely, that we might enjoy full liberty in the exercise of the supreme authority of this Holy See, concerning which the Catholic world might reasonably fear in present circumstances, lest the free exercise of it might not remain any longer in our hands." Now, let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the most amicable relations existed between Pius IX and Victor Emmanuel, would not the other Catholic powers of Europe naturally suspect that the Pope was biased in his decisions (we speak of disciplinary measures), by considerations of the government whose subject he is? Put the question as you wish to-day, the Pope is a subject of the Italian government. On the other hand, in the hypothesis that he is not on good terms with the Italian government, the latter cannot divest itself of the misgiving that the Pope is inclined to bestow favor—we will say upon the French—while his subjects in other parts of the world are troubled with the continued anxiety that the minions of the Italian gov-

ernment would enter the Vatican to-morrow, and lay hands upon his sacred person on any provocation, real or imaginary. Bossuet, in one of his brilliant discourses on the unity of the Church, makes a few remarks on this matter, which we deem to the point: "Since God has ordained that the Church, the common Mother of all kingdoms, should at no future time depend upon any power in things temporal, and that a seat should be established in which the unity of the faithful would remain superior to the factions, different contentions, and emulations which toss governments about, he laid the foundation of this great design through Pepin and Charlemagne. Through their liberality it was brought about that the Church in her Head, being independent of any temporal power, should, for the common good, and under the common protection of Christian princes, freely exercise her spiritual power in governing the faithful. Thus it fell out that the Church held aloft the scale of justice in the midst of so many, and very often hostile kingdoms, preserved unity in the whole body, now by potent decrees, and again by wise measures." The eloquent preacher of Meaux alludes in the last passage to the office, exercised by the Roman Pontiffs in the Middle Ages, of supreme arbiters between the then existing powers of Europe. Modern politics have supplanted the Popes in this office, but with what success, Europe, as it is to-day, is a deplorable witness. The spectacle of upwards of five millions of men, all armed to the teeth, and ready to rush upon one another on the slightest provocation, is an evidence of what Christian Europe can arrive at, having cast off the quieting and conciliating influence of the Roman Pontiffs. The Middle Ages are styled barbarous. Yet they never witnessed such a wholesale slaughter of human beings, as the very age which is even casting stones at the

past, and repeating in its knowledge and integrity, "Thus didst thou!" We think we hear a *liberale* giving the trite objection: Christ himself said, "My kingdom is not of this world," signifying thereby to his Apostles and to their successors that they were not to set their hearts upon the things of this world. Thanks, Signor Liberale, we profess our acknowledgments for the reverence you bear Holy Scriptures, in deigning to quote them. His kingdom was not of this world, but his mission was in this world, among men and for men. And while he was in this world, did he not use the means of this world? Did not the Apostles, or one of them, carry the purse, in which were kept the contributions of the few faithful who then existed, and out of which aid was given to the needy? Prove it, if you can, that the Church did not possess a patrimony from the very beginning. You will say again, by what right or title can the Pope presume to meddle in the affairs of nations, *his kingdom is not of this world*? Without turning over many leaves in the Good Book, we find an answer. Christ also said to his Apostles, "Go forth, and teach all nations, . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." We think you will concede that the command given to the Apostles is in general terms, that there are no restrictions whatever. Well, then, as Christ taught his Apostles and disciples to love one another, to live in harmony together, to render to each one that which belongs to him, to do no murder, to commit no *annexations*, and so on; so they and their successors were bound, in virtue of their mission, to inculcate the observance of the same eternal principles. But these principles are binding not only upon individuals but upon society, which is composed of individuals, and upon whole nations, which, in their relations with one another, are as mere individuals before God, and

before his Vicar. Are sovereigns impeccable? Are all their dealings just? Do they always observe the law? Is every one of the Ten Commandments a living letter with them? You doubt it; so do we. When sovereigns shall "observe all things whatsoever" Christ commanded his Apostles, then the mission of the Popes among them is open to question. The patrimony of the Church, from the nature of the donation which was made to God, assumed a sacred character, so that he who trespassed unlawfully within the confines of the Papal States, was guilty of a sacrilege. The Pontifical States were a temple sacred and inviolable, and the covetous king, who entered there with greedy intent, is a Helio-gabalus, not less than the wretch who was driven out of the temple of Jerusalem by the angel that wielded the fiery sword. Not every violator of the temple is punished as Helio-gabalus was. But the avenging sword of God falls in many a form.

We know of another Helio-gabalus of the present century, who entered this temple of the Lord. He was wont to laugh at excommunications. But the lonely penitent of St. Helena could tell of many an avenging blow of the Almighty which fell invisibly, while Moscow and Waterloo would, in their disastrous details, cause even a Turk to observe in them a visitation from above. An incident occurs to our recollection here, which is not foreign to the matter in hand. It was very seldom that Napoleon I adduced any reasons to justify his usurpations. His practical motto was that of Robin Hood,

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

In a conversation with Père Emery, the venerable superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, the emperor used the following argument, to justify the seizure he was about to make of the States of the Church:

"The Pope has his spiritual authority from Christ, his temporal power from Charlemagne. But I, as the successor of Charlemagne, wish to take away this power." The reply of the aged priest was bold and beautiful. "Emperor, your Majesty holds Bossuet in great esteem, and very often takes pleasure in quoting from him. Here are his words; I know them by heart: 'We know well enough that the possessions, rights, and power acquired by the grants of kings are held and possessed by the Roman Pontiffs and the priestly order, as they are held and possessed among men, by an unassailable right. Nay, more; all these being dedicated to God, should be regarded as sacred, and they cannot, without sacrilege, be invaded, stolen, or converted to secular uses. The dominion, granted to the Apostolic See of Rome and the surrounding territory, that the Popes might exercise more freely their apostolic power throughout the world, was given, not only to the Holy See, but to the whole Church; and we trust that this sacred principality may by all means remain whole and entire.' " The emperor evinced no displeasure at this answer; something unusual with him. He merely turned round, and observed to some one who was near him, "Emery speaks like a man who knows his business. I wish others would speak in the same manner." Bossuet, and with him, Emery, took a view of the temporal possessions of the Church from a standing point, which is pretty generally overlooked nowadays; and that is, the States of the Church do not belong to the Popes, or to the Holy See, as represented in Rome, but to the Church at large, scattered over the length and breadth of the world. They do not constitute the dowry of the Popes. They are public property, of which these are but the administrators. Every Catholic, of the two hundred millions who hold grace and communion with the Apostolic See, has an interest in

these possessions, and by their invasion and usurpation, their rights, individually and collectively, are violated. Naturally, the right and interest in these possessions of the people who inhabit them, is more immediate, and the injustice done them by the invasion ought to be the more keenly felt. You will say that all this sounds very nice, and it is extremely plausible in theory. Practically, however, the people of the Papal States have rights as citizens, which are superior to those of the Church at large. They have a right to enjoy all the benefits which modern politics have conferred upon society. Above all, they have the right of forming one nation with the rest of the Italians, and living under one common sovereign, the king of united Italy. And an American will object, if the people wished no longer to live under the Papal government, Victor Emmanuel established a claim to their everlasting gratitude, by taking possession of the Roman States. The grand principle of authority now, is the will of the people. We willingly concede, that the people of the Roman States have certain rights as citizens, but they are not superior to those of the Church at large. They have a right to all the benefits, real benefits, resulting from modern politics. But neither they, nor any other people, can enjoy those rights, to the positive injustice of another. We do not deny in theory, that their political condition would be ameliorated, by living under one sovereign, and forming a part of one united kingdom. But nothing less than the utter impossibility of living under the old *régime*, would justify them in putting themselves under new masters, or these in accepting the charge. If such an objection were valid, then Mexico and Central America should be annexed forthwith to the United States, because, forsooth, the citizens have a right to enjoy all the privileges of the free government of America. As

for the "will of the people," we will answer that objection on American ground. If ever a people wished most cordially for an object, the people of the Southern States desired secession from the North. And yet their wishes were not acceded to. The government reasoned with justice, "In the conflict of rights, the stronger prevails. The Southern people may have certain rights, and they wish most heartily and universally for their enjoyment. But we have not only the right, but also the duty to preserve intact, this grand inheritance of the United States, to build up which our forefathers fought and bled, and which they left to us as a sacred trust." On this principle, the rebellion was suppressed, and the South reconstructed, despite the violation of certain rights, and contrary to the wishes of the Southern people. Now, though the Romans had the right to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of modern constitutions, the Popes had also the right and the duty of preserving the patrimony which was intrusted to them. Nothing but a state of insufferable thralldom would make these political rights superior to those of the Popes, and justify the subjects either in rebelling or calling in an alien to assist them. But how does the matter stand in fact? It is a principle in simple jurisprudence, that favors cannot be conferred by force. You cannot compel a man to accept a benefit if he does not desire it. You do him a gross injury. You violate that liberty of the will which is the foundation of all liberty, nay, after that of reason, it is the noblest prerogative in man. Novel benefits, strange prerogatives, astonishing immunities, were those which were literally *blown* upon the Romans in the shape of bombshells and cannon-balls. Rather obtrusive was that liberation, that freedom, which the Italian government forced upon the Romans through the breach of Porta Pia. As for their will in the

acceptance of all these favors, we find no manifestations of it, either before or since the 20th of September, 1870. As the Holy Father testified with pride, in a recent discourse, "While the Italian army was encamped before the walls of Rome, not a voice was raised for them, not a hand moved, though the emissaries of the invaders worked hard to shake the fidelity of the besieged to their legitimate sovereign." It is true, the Romans did not protest against the approach of the invaders in a style which is quite natural to the American character. They did not rush, men and women, to the walls of the city, and meet the assailants with arms in their hands. But that is to be attributed to their pacific character, and to a certain weakness about the heart which we will leave unnamed. But if enthusiastic demonstrations in favor of the then existing sovereign may (and we think they can) be construed into a protestation against the approach of the invaders, then the will of the Roman people was directly opposed to the acceptance of the privileges and immunities which the Piedmontese were forcing upon them. On the eve itself of the occupation, the Pope went publicly from St. Peter's to the Scala Santa, and was greeted with *errivas* of enthusiasm along the whole route. In like manner, when he assisted at the solemn triduum which was offered up in St. Peter's against the entry of the Piedmontese, the demonstrations of affection and devotion to him were universal and affecting. Do not cite the *plebiscite* of the 2d of October, as a manifestation of the will of the people. It was a gigantic fraud, and has been exposed in all its revolting details too often, to require an examination here. And now, that the Romans and all Italians are firmly established in the enjoyment of all the rights and prerogatives accorded in the Italian constitution, one would reasonably presume that Italy is a happy land,

a veritable Utopia. Are those rights, and privileges, and prerogatives Utopian, which necessitate the existence of a standing army of 300,000 men to enforce their *enjoyment*? Are enormous taxes, which "increase and multiply" indefinitely, to be regarded as beatitudes? Is political liberty to be forced upon citizens at the cost of liberty of conscience? These are serious questions, founded in fact, and they can have but one answer. They suggest other arguments in favor of the necessity of the temporal power of the Popes, which, to the unthinking and uninformed, might seem paradoxical. But if the material condition of the people were taken into consideration, if that very "will of the people," which is falsely trumpeted to the whole world as a motive of the late annexation, were honestly consulted, the necessity of the temporal power of the Popes would shine into every impartial mind, in the light of a conviction founded upon the welfare of the people. Question any impartial Roman on the matter, and he will tell you frankly, though he may have very little sympathy for the Pope, that, comparing the material condition of the people at present with that of five years ago, they were happier, and more prosperous by far, than they are now. In this respect, the restoration of the old *régime* becomes a necessity, as a means simply of restoring order, and, in the course of time, material prosperity. We do not mean to insinuate that it would be the only means. Reasoning from a strictly material point of view, it is only as necessary as any ordinary change for the better is. While vindicating the necessity of the temporal power of the Popes, inasmuch as it places them in a position of independence, we do not overlook the wellbeing of the people. If the people could not live as happily and as prosperously under the Papal *régime*, as under any other form of government, it would be unjust in

the Popes to hope for a restoration, and silly in us to reason on its necessity. We flatter ourselves, however, that our paper on the form of the Papal government has established, to a sufficient evidence, the fact that the internal peace, welfare, and prosperity of the people were provided for by the Popes with a solicitude, which cannot better be described than by applying to it the simple epithet *paternal*.

One more practical consideration on the necessity of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes. The States of the Church, while they existed, were a sacred little spot, enjoying immunity from all the political and social disorders, which at times convulsed the neighboring kingdoms and little principalities. There religion might be practiced in every particular of its perfection. The religious orders might be suppressed all over the world, but they would still live in the heads, whose residence was fixed in Rome. The novitiates might be interdicted the world over, but there was still a thriving little nursery in Rome, which, if incapable of peopling the abandoned convents, was at least able to preserve the traditions and monastic spirit of the orders. Conscriptio laws might thin the ranks of the clergy, and finally remove them entirely from the face of the earth, but enough would be left in Rome to perpetuate the ecclesiastical spirit, to cherish and, in a small way it is true, preserve the grand deposit of faith which Christ left to his Church. Rome was to the Christian Republic what the District of Columbia is to the United States. Whatever may happen to every individual State of the Union, that citadel of the Constitution always remains in its glorious prerogatives. That once stormed and reduced, our Union becomes a wreck. Thus is it with the Republic of the Catholic Church. True enough, we have the divine assurance that the

Church will not fail, but will triumph in the end. Still, the prospect which she presents in Italy to-day is most disheartening, offering no hope at all for the future. One of the most potent agencies at her disposal, for disseminating and perpetuating the maxims of the gospel, has been destroyed in the suppression of the religious orders. The novitiates have been closed, and when the present generation of religious men and women dies out, it is all over with the monastic spirit. The churches have been robbed of their possessions, and some of them are even now without ministers, for the altars have not the wherewithal to support those who would serve them. All this is sad enough, and religion and society have already experienced its deteriorating influence. But the most fatal blow of all has just fallen. The conscription of the clergy does not affect the Church in her *modus existendi et operandi*, but in her very existence itself. Can a religion without ministers be conceived? Can the people live up to the maxims of the gospel, unless these be preached to them? The late conscription laws, enacted in the Eternal City, in the very nursery of Christianity, not only remove the priests actually at work in Italy from their labors, but render the recruiting of the ecclesiastical ranks an impossibility. This were deplorable enough in any country of the globe; but no tongue can tell, or pen describe, the disastrous consequences which will follow in the centre itself of Catholicity, where the Apostolic See has been fixed by divine ordination, and where the treasure of faith is preserved and guarded. It was fondly hoped by many, when the States of the Church were invaded, that the matter would end peaceably, when the people would become accustomed to the new *régime*, and the Holy Father would descend from the uncompromising position which

he took in 1870. The world sees only to-day what he foresaw then. The interests of religion were inseparably united with the temporal domain of the Holy See. The Pope has been accused of an exaggerated rigor in dealing with the invaders, and even honest Catholics were not wanting who tried to induce him to consent to a reconciliation. They regarded the temporal power as a convenience, he as a necessity. It is necessary to his own personal independence, necessary for the preservation and perpetuation in all its fulness of the monastic and ecclesiastical spirit, necessary to reassure Catholics all over the world that the Pope, in his deliberations, in his decrees, in his counsel, is free, both in fact and in appearance. We say appearance, because the world must also know that he is free before rational obedience can be rendered to him. These are not merely personal views of our own. We do not adduce them on our own authority, but on that of the Church, represented in the Sovereign Pontiff and the bishops. We have often heard it said by sincere Catholics, that the temporal power was "more *bother* to the Popes than it was worth, and Catholics were never so strongly united in their devotion to the Holy See as they

have been since the Piedmontese entered Rome." Yes, the temporal power was a great "bother" to the Popes, not because "bother" was intrinsically united with the administration, but because his neighbors showed very little reverence for the Seventh and Tenth Commandments. The trials and persecutions of the Church to-day have been productive of one blessing, that of uniting her children, and drawing them more closely together in the bond of holy sympathy. The evil has been the occasion of some good, but it is not to be desired on that account. Persecutions try the faith of Christians, purify it, and make of many hearts one great heart, throbbing with love, and sympathy, and sacred enthusiasm. And yet, the Church never prays that persecutions may come; but, if the Lord permits them, she prays for fortitude. To conclude: that cannot be a mere convenience, the removal or destruction of which has been followed by effects so disastrous as the abominations which have made of Rome a Babylon, depopulated the houses of prayer, and which, at this moment, threaten the existence of those ministers, without whom the Church cannot exist. It is a necessity, great and urgent, to say the least.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE VIPER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WHAT do you think I saw a few days ago, gentle reader, in one of my rambles through the forest of Fontainebleau?

I will give you twenty guesses. When you have guessed a merry family of squirrels, leaping from branch to branch, or some pretty rabbits with trembling ears, shrinking away from my caress, or the imperial hunting party, making the forest resound

with the noise of the horns, and the repeated baying of the hounds, or two artists in white blouses, and with blonde hair, established under their umbrellas, and copying the same group of trees and the same rock,—when you would have made all those guesses, and received each time a negative answer, if you consented to give it up, I would begin my story. Well, then, last week, on a very sul-

try day, I was wandering aimlessly through my beloved forest, pursuing some fugitive thought, when I came to that wild and picturesque spot called "the gorge of Apremont."

I was about to retrace my steps and plunge again into the depths of the forest, for it was not the beams of the sun I sought, but shelter from their brightness, when about a hundred steps from me, under the scanty shade of a juniper tree, I perceived two men. One was in his shirt-sleeves, and his right hand was enveloped in a blood-stained cloth. He seemed to be kneeling by the side of his companion, whose cassock, denoting the clergyman, I had not at first perceived. Lying on the ground was the coat of the penitent (for certainly he was in the act of confession). I saw also a small vial, some hazel rods, and a dead serpent, whose spotted skin glittered in the sun.

"A strange confessional," I thought within myself, and was proceeding on my way, when the gentleman arose from his kneeling posture, and the priest, hearing the noise of footsteps, turned towards me; we recognized each other.

"Ah! Monsieur Mosel," I cried, as I came forward in answer to his summons.

Dear reader, it does not enter within the limits of this little narrative to give you a description of the good father. You have certainly known many exemplary priests. Think for a few moments, and from their ranks select the most excellent. Give him about thirty years the face of an angel and the holiness of a saint, and you will have the worthy pastor of Avon.

His companion was not much older. A sweet and holy serenity seemed to characterize the priest, but *he*, though, subdued by recent emotion, was of a hasty, even passionate disposition, if one might judge from appearances. But, on his broad brow, and in his piercing eye, shone

an elevation of mind which reassured the beholder.

"Badly directed, this man might be dangerous," I thought. "Turned towards virtue, what heroic act might not this ardent soul be capable of?"

Thus studying the two before me, I felt slightly embarrassed as I stood in their presence.

The priest came to my aid.

"Dear friend," said he, "your arrival could not have been more *apropos*." While the other exclaimed, without seeming to observe that he was interrupting his companion,

"Are you a Christian, Monsieur?"

"Monsieur, I have the happiness to be one."

"I am almost tempted to say, '*So much the worse!*' For you have no need of what I am about to relate, yet, if you were not a Christian, you would probably not understand me; so it is all for the best. Monsieur, have you ever witnessed an instantaneous conversion?"

"More than one, but they were conversions *in extremis*. I recall among the number that of an uncle of mine, in other respects a very worthy man, but who swore only by Voltaire and Jean Jacques. He had an apoplectic stroke, and our Lord allowed him just one hour for repentance. He profited by that grace, and, as it is said, died a saint."

"Well, Monsieur, that is something similar to what I have just experienced, except that I am not dead, and am far from being a saint. I received my education at the Seminary, for my parents supposed and ardently desired that I had a vocation for the priesthood.

"But when my studies were finished I could discover no such desire within my own heart, nor, indeed, any of that piety which should distinguish the Christian youth. During my course of philosophy I had contrived to read secretly some bad and dangerous books.

"As soon as I had returned home

I found that I could not remain a Christian and lead the life I wished to; so I threw off all restraint, and sneered at religion, even becoming a Freemason. Naturally, I never set foot within a church, and upon all occasions spoke of priests in the most injurious terms. 'I know them well,' I would say. 'I was brought up in their midst. Ah! how they plotted to draw me into their snares, but I proved myself a match for their cunning! They are lazy and intriguing, and have other vices of which, indeed, they have little need to boast.' Thus I sought to smother the voice of conscience, and by heaping calumnies on my teachers to forget the duty I owed them—the duty of gratitude for their untiring efforts in behalf of one who, alas! profited so little by their care.

"Notwithstanding all that—let him who can explain it—I constantly sought opportunities for religious discussions, foolishly boasting that no priest had ever been able to defeat me in an argument, and even persuading myself that it was so. The fact is, I had a way of arguing which would embarrass even an able disputant. I led the discussion to a certain point, then, when I felt myself defeated on that, I went off to another without ceremony. My opponents at first endeavored to follow me, but soon wearied of discussions devoid both of logic and sincerity, while I, having strength of lungs, and sufficient effrontery to supply the place of both, generally remained in possession of the field, foolishly declaring myself victor. This morning chance—pardon the force of habit—*Providence* brought about a meeting with this excellent priest, an old companion of mine in the Seminary. He proposed a stroll through the forest, and we wandered on for some time until at length we passed the shaded avenues and approached the spot where you first observed us; the priest meanwhile keeping the conversation on general subjects.

"He recalled our life at the Seminary, questioned me in a kind manner about my affairs and future prospects, but I was determined to lead him to a religious discussion. He finished by yielding, but soon I perceived that I had found my master.

"With the freedom of an old classmate, with the keen perception of the priest who felt that *this* was not a case for gentle dealing, he told me, among other things, that I reasoned like an escaped lunatic. 'But,' he added, 'no one is to blame for being a madman. The guilt is in lying to the conscience, and that is what you are doing. You only speak so loud to deafen yourself, my friend. And, I tell you, that what you have just said to *me* you would not say to *everybody*. I know *one* at least before whom you would hesitate to affirm that you had no religion!'

"'Name him!' I cried, proudly. 'If it were the Pope or the Emperor himself I would not retract a single word.' 'The one of whom I speak is neither the Emperor, nor our venerated Holy Father.' 'Ah! you mean the Virgin Mary, in some new apparition like la Salette?' 'Cease your railleries,' said my friend. 'I mean *death*! I wish to tell you one thing. I have known men who scoffed at religion, whose impiety was fearful to witness, and yet who, at that supreme moment, when about to meet their terrible Judge, did not fear to brand with the lie their entire lives, returning to God with contrite and humble hearts.'

"'I do not fear death,' I replied, proudly. 'I am an honest man; I have never injured any one; God could not punish me without being unjust.'

"'Possibly you may be an honest and worthy man, yet, my friend, as we wish to talk reasonably, I beg you to remark this: It happens every day that men are converted at the last hour—learned men, men in high positions, irreproachable men, according to the world. But with that

clear vision which comes to every man at the summons of the dread messenger they see themselves convicted of having failed in their duty to God; besides, trusting only to their own strength, they have but imperfectly fulfilled that of "an honest man." While deeming themselves models of charity, truth, humility, and purity, they have allowed themselves many things not permitted by God. They respond to divine grace before it is too late. On the contrary, tell me how many Christians—fervent in prayer, giving good example, frequenting the sacraments—how many of *them* have you seen, in their last moments, recognizing that their dearest and holiest belief was naught but superstition, and changing from good Catholics to Freemasons, or infidels? You have not seen *one*, eh? Nor I. Well, I will finish by saying that, if at this very moment death would call you, I assure you we would hear something different from your lips.'

"I opened my mouth to protest anew my bravery, when suddenly a sharp and agonizing pain in my right hand caused me to start. I had been resting it upon the rustic bench where we had sat down to rest, when a viper glided between my fingers. The priest struck it with his switch. I grew deadly pale. By the flat head of the creature I had instantly perceived it to be one of the most venomous kind of serpents; it had just bitten me! We were far from any house. I was a doomed man; I was about to die! I had scoffed at death, and lo! as if to throw back my mockery in my face, behold him!

"These thoughts flashed like lightning through my brain, when the priest took from his pocket a vial of alkali and a penknife well sharpened, saying, 'I never go out without these;' and seizing my hand he washed the bite with saliva (for water), then quickly made an incision crosswise, and poured the alkali therein. 'I thank our divine Lord

that I was with you. Without this prompt assistance all would have been over with you.'

"I was dumb with gratitude and terror; but those were not the dominant sentiments in my heart, for in that awful moment which passed between the bite of the viper and the action of the Abbé I had believed myself lost. It was the moment when, as the Abbé had said, my views would change, the scales fell from my eyes. It seemed as if God pleased to verify those words by placing me without warning in such terrible extremity.

"Yes, the priest had spoken truly! As though a curtain which hid the truth from me had suddenly been torn away, I saw that there was no salvation save in the practice of that religion which I had blasphemed a moment before. It availed me nothing now to act a part. I was about to appear before God; and in what condition? Alas, how would I wish to appear before that almighty Judge! Certainly with a conscience freed from that terrible weight which it had accumulated since I had abandoned the service of God. I knew not how to thank that merciful God who, while placing me in danger of so sudden and cruel a death, had so providentially placed a priest by my side.

"Therefore, when the priest had snatched me from certain death, it was not *he* who inquired the result of my experience, nor if I still thought it well to die as I had lived! No; without waiting for him to do so, I threw myself at his feet, and made with contrite tears a confession, from which you, Monsieur, saw me rise. And had every one of my infidel friends been near their presence would not have prevented me."

"You are a writer," said the Abbé to me. "Do not forget what you have seen and heard to-day. There are many men in the world who boast of their want of religion, and

make a show of infidelity. But God does not reserve for them all, as he did for my good friend here, *a viper, a vicar, and a vial of alkali*. They laugh at those who are converted in their last moments. Let them take care," continued the priest in an impressive voice, "lest they are not allowed a death-bed even, but die smitten with one of those thunderbolts which will cast them without preparation at the feet of their sovereign judge.

ST. MARY'S, PA.

LOVE MEMORIES.

Ay, lad, it was here that we lingered
 In the still of that sweet June night,
 Till the larks were up, and the cloudless east
 Was flushed with rosy light;
 And a redbreast was out on the hawthorn there,
 A-trilling a low sweet lay
 To his mate and the wee brown birds that slept
 In the nest on the bending spray.

It was at your grandfather's wedding, lad,
 That Jenny and I had been,
 And I was the bravest of all the lads,
 And she of the girls was queen;
 And homeward we walked through the dewy fields,
 When the dancing and mirth were o'er;
 And I stood with her dear little hand in mine,
 Here, under the porch by the door.

There was never a soul astir in the house,
 But all was as still as could be;
 And even although they had all been awake,
 They could never have seen her and me;
 For the ivy was thick, and we whispered so low,
 Oh, they ne'er could have heard us there,
 As she gave me a wild red rose from the flowers
 She had worn in her beautiful hair.

Oh, the passionate love of life's spring tide!
 Though now I am old and gray,
 Each low-murmured word I remember as well
 As if it were yesterday:
 How I thrilled at the touch of the soft brown locks
 That over her shoulders curled,
 And trembled for joy when I dared to kiss
 The rosiest lips in the world!

Get me a bit of the blossom, lad,
 That wreathes on the hawthorn tree,
 And leave me here till I dream awhile
 Of the life that was never to be.
 For the shadowy phantoms of long ago,
 I see through a mist of tears:
 Your hope lies hid in the coming, lad,
 But mine in the bygone years.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE season is again upon us when Catholic parents are called to do that which is their greatest obligation, and which in its results must decide to a great extent the temporal and eternal welfare of their offspring, to select some good school in which their sons and their daughters may be brought up, first as good Christians, and next as intelligent members of society.

Leibnitz had reason to assert it as his conviction that "to reform the human race, it was necessary to reform the education of youth," and elsewhere he says that "the good education of youth is the first foundation of human felicity." Indeed, what is the line of demarcation between man and the lower creation? Does it not in great measure consist in the former being able to determine, from principles as immutable as their author, the practice of good from that which is evil? The knowledge of that which he is bound to observe from that which he is held to avoid? How is this knowledge to be acquired? Is the child to learn those *fixed* principles in a school where all is left to the individual yearnings, the undirected inclinations of the human heart? What is it which makes a nation, if not its possession of men; men, in the intellectual as well as the physical sense of the word. "Nations," says Dupanloup, "raise themselves, and are preserved; become young again, and are renewed *only by men*." When do we see a people becoming enfeebled, falling from their greatness, and precipitated to ruin? When *men* are wanting to them."

"But," adds this great authority, "men are doubtless given by God; yet, God wishing them thus, it is education which makes them." This champion of Catholic education continues:

"Yes, men! without doubt there are always such in the common acceptance of the term, but that which contributes to the greatness, to the moral and intellectual prosperity of a country, is not men such as they are born and ordinarily grow up, but men formed, men completed, men educated."

What is then the duty of parents at this time? Is it to send their daughters or sons to such a school, because it is fashionable, because Mr. So and so has his children in such an institution? Reason tells the contrary. Yet what is more common than to allow such childish and whimsical ideas to take sway where so important a question is at stake.

Send your children where they will be educated as well as instructed. Send them

where the word of God, the sweet harmony of common prayer will begin and end the day's tasks. Keep them in that school where the spirit of sacrifice is manifest in the character of the teacher. Place them where wealth will be a secondary consideration, and where they will meet with a generous and invigorating rivalry. Let them attend a school recommended by those who labor "as being bound to give an account of our souls." We are not speaking in favor of any one institution more than another. Our interest is, not in the individuals who control education and instruction for the moment, but in education and instruction themselves. Here, as elsewhere, we are for principles, not for individuals. We have no excuse for sending our children to any but schools directed by Catholics. The number is not small of the institutions to which even Protestants send their daughters and sons, knowing that in such they will receive what no other schools can give. Every year witnesses increasing numbers of non-Catholic parents patronizing the very schools to which our own people at times hesitate to confide their children or wards.

We should not be behindhand in this great work of educating them with whom Providence has blessed us. It is heathenish in spirit and infernal in practice for Catholics to risk the salvation of their children by sending them to any but Catholic schools. An authority that all respect, that of the Apostle of the Gentiles, assures us that he who watches not over his own household is worse than an infidel. In what, we may ask, does this watching over our household so much consist as in the Christian education of those who are to bear our name, and to perpetuate our memory?

"In whatever light," says the author of those admirable letters on *La haute education intellectuelle*, "I consider the work of education, it seems to me, as one of the most admirable reflections of the action, the goodness, and the wisdom of the Supreme Being." "Who has the right to bring up this creature?" known as the child? "The answer is simple. It is his Creator alone."

In education as in other parts of the divine economy, men are to do for their fellow-men the work of the Creator. To whom would this work in reason be confided? To those who reject his holy name? Who despise the attributes of his holy Mother? Who reject the teachings and deny the authority of his established church on earth? Let Catholic parents, therefore, beware of the terrible responsibility they

assume by neglecting to educate and instruct their children, or by trusting false methods of doing so.

Let us listen to the voice of conscience, to the dictates of reason, to the words of the sacred text, and to the visible authority we have to follow in this spiritual duty. Our children must be sent to schools wherein they will learn "how sweet is the yoke, and how light the burden" of the Christian life. They must go where they will learn to walk in the path wherein they must afterward tread, that departing not therefrom in their old age they may attain the object for which they are in the world.

Those who would learn more of this prolific subject should consult Father Burke's lectures on Education, Lacordaire's Letters to Young Men, Bossuet's letters on kindred subjects, Fenelon's epistles on the Education of a Daughter, Muller's "Public School Education," and many other works which do not recur to our memory at the present moment, but which it is the duty of all, and the pleasure of many, to consult.

SINCE the last number of the RECORD reached its readers, a new danger of war in Europe has arisen. The uprising of the oppressed people of the little district of Herzegovina against Turkish misrule and exactions, seems to be extending to the adjoining territories of Turkey. In Montenegro, Servia, Dalmatia, and Bosnia the majority of the inhabitants are of Slavonic origin, and are Christians in their religious belief. They wear the yoke of dependence upon the Sublime Porte with great reluctance. If they should determine to throw it off, it would be impossible for the Turkish government to prevent them.

But their success would at once reopen questions in Europe, which, under existing circumstances, could be only settled by the sword.

The mutual jealousies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria would not allow of these territories being incorporated into the dominions of either of these powers, nor would the people of the territories themselves submit to it. Their aspirations are for independence. They would, if left to themselves, prefer probably to form a confederacy of independent Slavonic states. But this would be a constant source of uneasiness and danger to Austria and her possessions on the Adriatic Sea. Their Slavonic origin and religion, too, bring them into close affinity to the peoples of the adjoining provinces of Russia, and they naturally are more inclined to fraternize with them. But this would be dangerous to the political quiet of these Russian provinces, and Russia would oppose the establishment of a

really independent confederation of Slavonic states as strenuously as Austria.

The only other alternative would be absorption into Russia, or allowing nominal independence, but real subjection, to Russian rule, under the name of a protectorate. But neither Austria nor England would allow this, nor could Prussia willingly; though for ulterior objects, the disintegration of Austria and the absorption of the Austrian German states into the Prusso-German Empire, she might give a reluctant assent.

The three "great powers" are now trying to settle the matter by advising Turkey to make concessions to the Herzegovinians, and persuading the latter to remain in subjection to the Sublime Porte. These efforts, thus far, however, do not seem to have been successful. If they should fail, and the rebellion continue, it will, in all probability, become general in all Northwestern Turkey; and, as we have said, in the end, drag all the great powers of Europe into a war.

DURING the Centennial year it is quite certain that many European Catholics will visit America and Philadelphia. This should encourage some of our scholars to prepare a "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," brought down to the latest date, and containing full statistics and details of the rise and progress of the Church in our country. European Catholics have little or no idea of the condition of American Catholics. In their most able journals, a stray item occasionally is all that is ever found about America, and our political, social, economic, and religious movements are ignored. Yet this country is the theatre of a vast experiment in Catholic history; it is where all modern ideas have a free field, and can develop themselves to their final results. It is looked to with curiosity and attention by all thinkers and students, and presents its solutions of the problems of the age to those who like to study them.

The progress of the Church in this country, of course, cannot be shown under a glass case, nor can it be conveyed by perusing the pages of a guide-book. But a good history is wanted, and the year 1876 would be a good year to bring it out.

It is to be regretted that we cannot show the American or European visitor to the Philadelphia exhibition what was seen at London in 1862. In the loan collection of the South Kensington Museum, as well as in the exhibition and museum themselves, was a glorious collection of works of ancient Catholic art. Antique crucifixes, reliquaries and tryptiches, paintings of saints, doctors, and ecclesiastical incidents; elaborate wood carvings, models of cathedrals, ancient churches, abbeys, and schools; il-

luminated manuscripts, costly church vestments rich with embroidery, lace, and gold-work, and yet 600, 800, and 1000 years old. These, and many similar articles, the product of Catholic art, Catholic taste, and Catholic genius, would be quite a lesson to some, even of us! Fancy a reader fresh from the perusal of *Harper's Weekly*, and with his head full of "Popish ignorance," "Popish love of darkness," "Popish barbarism," etc., standing before a case full of these gems, many of them the workmanship of the "dark ages," and listening to a voice telling him that these are only the few remains saved from destruction by the fury of the reformers.

But we have forgotten! we are to celebrate only the first one hundred years. The exhibition will be grand, and a magnificent success, but, like the country, it will be very new. The Catholic Church is the only ancient object here, and that is ever old, yet ever young.

THE English Polar Expedition has been heard from. A letter from a member of the expedition, written on board the steamer *Discovery*, previous to her leaving Rittenberk, Greenland, has been received in London. The writer gives some interesting details respecting the plans of the expedition. He says that, after proceeding up Smith's Sound making a cursory survey of its shores, the *Discovery* will select its winter quarters. The steamer *Alert*, meanwhile, will push on towards the North Pole, as far as possible without being beset with ice. It will subsequently return towards the *Discovery*, and endeavor to establish its winter quarters not more than two hundred miles from that vessel.

During the beginning of winter, and before its severe weather comes on, the crews of both vessels will begin to survey with sledge parties. In the spring, two of the lieutenants of the *Discovery*, with sledge parties, will push on to the *Alert*, when a start towards the pole will be made with six sledges. One sledge will leave the party and return every week or so, transferring its surplus provisions to the others. When the exploring party has thus been reduced to but one sledge, that will push on alone and reach the pole by itself. Who will have the high honor of commanding this last sledge, and of carrying off the palm of success, if success should be attained, the writer does not know, but says that he fancies it will be Commander Markham of the *Alert*.

ON the 10th of August, the Bicentenary of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich was celebrated. The foundation-stone of this

famous observatory was laid August 10th, 1675, on Flemstead Hill, so called after the name of the first astronomer royal. The French had established one ten years before. The Germans had one at Cassel a hundred years previous.

The first astronomer royal, Flemstead, was a contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton, who used many of his observations in compiling *The Principia*. He died in 1717, and was succeeded by the celebrated Dr. Halley, who first observed a spot on the sun, by which the motion of that body on its axis was determined. He made many other discoveries whilst travelling on the continent, of which the most notable perhaps was the comet which bears his name. He was a practical co-worker with Sir Isaac Newton. He died at Greenwich in 1742. His successor was Dr. Bradley, who died in 1762. Dr. N. Bliss continued the work at the observatory until 1764, when Dr. Nevil Maskelyne was appointed. To the latter we owe the first carefully observed transit of Venus. The observation was made at St. Helena. On his voyage thither, Dr. Maskelyne determined the method of finding the longitude by lunar observations. He died in 1811, and was succeeded by Dr. John Pond, who, was said by Sir Humphrey Davy to have possessed the highest astronomical attainments. He died in 1835. Since then, during a period now of forty years, Sir George Biddle Airey, K.C.B., has directed the operations of this important and famous observatory.

GENERAL BUTLER, in a speech at the O'Connell celebration in Boston, caused considerable discussion and some astonishment by the assertion that the Celtic element of the American population, represented chiefly by the Irish, was becoming the leading one in New England. The fact seems undeniable, as the birth-rate of the Irish is greater than that of the old Puritan stock. From 1847 to 1854, there was an average Irish immigration into the United States of 150,000 a year. But of late years the immigration is not so large. Only in the year 1867 did over 100,000 arrive in a single twelvemonth.

The great immigration of the future, no doubt, will be from Germany, and particularly Catholic Germany. For the last ten years Germany has sent more immigrants than Ireland, 133,000 arriving in 1873. These facts, however, only show, as far as Catholicity is concerned, that the future Catholics of the United States will be thorough Americans. The Irish, the German, and the English elements will blend and mingle, and it is much to be desired that the result will be satisfactory.

CATHOLIC literature in foreign countries has been reasonably fertile lately in thoughtful works of history, biography, controversy, and art.

In England, the Chevalier O'Clery, M. P. for Wexford, has brought out the first volume of *The History of the Italian Revolution*. It treats of the period from 1796 to 1849, or the "Revolution of the Barricades," as it is called by the author. The period from 1849 to 1870, when the work was finally accomplished by the capture of Rome, is called "The Revolution of the Bureaux." In the first period mobs and tumults, together with the multiplied agencies set on foot by secret societies, were employed to destroy the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See, as well as the governments then existing in Italy. In the second period the work of Italian unification was sought to be accomplished by the agencies of cabinets, kingdoms, and the acts of a treacherous diplomacy.

WE have often wondered why it is, that the Association for the Propagation of the Faith does not receive a larger income from the United States. One cent a week, and a simple aspiration, "St. Francis Xavier pray for us!" is all that is needed to become a member. Who is there that cannot afford so small a sum himself, and cannot interest a few others in the same work? The Bishop of Wilmington has written a letter, urging the claims of the Association, whose funds have lately fallen off considerably in consequence of the disturbed condition of Europe. The Association distributes its annals every two months in the proportion of one copy to every twenty-six francs (\$5) collected; and these annals are edifying and most delightful reading, and really should be far better known to Catholics than they are.

MONSIGNOR RONCETTI, the Papal Ablegate to this country, has been appointed Delegate Apostolic to several South American republics, Ecuador, Peru, Colombia, etc. In Ecuador he will find a Catholic nation that has just lost its President, Senor Garcia Moreno, by assassination, and is torn by civil dissensions. The contrast between the condition of most of these republics and the United States will, no doubt, impress him, and he will inquire the reasons of the difference. We have no doubt that Monsignor Roncetti's experience in the United States, and his intercourse with American Catholics, has given him much food for reflection; and no doubt his present appointment will result in great benefits to South America and to the interests of the Catholic Church in the Spanish republics.

THE Catholics of Ohio have good reason to be proud of their efforts for Catholic education. Nearly every parish has its own school. In the archdiocese of Cincinnati there are 140, in the diocese of Cleveland 100, and in the diocese of Columbus 25. These schools educate from 60 to upwards of 2000 children in each parish. Thousands upon thousands of the future citizens of Ohio are being educated, *free of cost to the State*, to fulfil all their duties; and because the Catholics are doing this, they are called "enemies to public instruction," and are taxed to support other schools which they neither use nor approve of! Neither of the two great parties of the State have, however, inserted any "plank" in their political platform to remedy this state of affairs, and consequently neither are justly accused of being friends of Catholic education. Public opinion in the State does not, we presume, make it justifiable to raise the issue directly at the present time.

WHEN His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, left for Rome on August 7th, *via* Havre and Paris, the Catholic Union of New York sent through him an address to His Holiness the Pope, in which reference is made to the fact that at the commencement of the present century one small church, in New York, was able to receive the Catholic congregation, while throughout the State the true faith was unknown. Now there are fifty-two churches in the metropolitan city, and many more in its suburbs, while throughout the land others daily rise wherever men are to be found. His Eminence is now in Paris. He will receive his "title" when he reaches Rome.

ON the 29th of July, Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco, completed the twenty-fifth year of his episcopate, having been consecrated Bishop of Monterey in 1850, and promoted to the Archbishopric of San Francisco in 1853. His Grace received a purse of \$5000 in gold from his people, who celebrated the day with much pomp.

From half a dozen priests, a few old ruined Spanish churches, and a concourse of rough and uncultured people, mad to accumulate wealth by any means, has been developed, in the course of a quarter of a century, an orderly and settled Catholic population of 200,000, governed by an archbishop, three bishops, and 193 priests, and worshipping in 187 churches. There are also twenty-eight ecclesiastical students, four hospitals, twelve asylums, and seventy-three colleges, academies, and schools.

ON the 24th of June, Dr. Croke, a distinguished prelate, and the Bishop of Auck-

land, New Zealand, was appointed by the Pope, Archbishop of Castel, succeeding the late revered Most Reverend Patrick Leahy. Dr. Croke pursued his ecclesiastical studies at Paris and Rome, was on the mission in the diocese of Cloyne, and respectively Professor and President of St. Coleman's Seminary. In 1870, he was consecrated Bishop of Auckland, succeeding Dr. Bompallier.

The Province of Castel embraces the dioceses of Castel and Emly, Cork, Killaloe, King, Limerick, Waterford, and Lismore, Cloyne, and Ross. It comprises most of the south of Ireland, and contains nearly one thousand priests, seven hundred churches, and one hundred and thirty-five houses of religious men and women.

OUR neighbors in British America have lost a bishop, Mgr. Charles La Rocque, of St. Hyacinth, who died on Thursday, July 15th. He was born at Chernbly on November 15th, 1809, and was consecrated bishop of St. Hyacinth on July 29th, 1866. The diocese thus widowed comprises five counties in the Province of Quebec, and was established twenty-three years ago. It contains 106 priests, and a Catholic population of 100,000, who have *four hundred schools*. This latter fact is most creditable to a population so small and scattered as that of this diocese.

JOHN LEE CARROLL, the great grandson of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, nominated on July 22d for Governor of Maryland, will appropriately fill that honorable position in the Centennial year. The descendant of that most knightly and chivalrous Catholic patriot, who pledged more property to the cause of the Colonies than did any other, and who was the "last of the signers," how appropriate it is that he should fill the gubernatorial chair of Maryland, that old Catholic State, which his grandsire so ably and forcibly represented in 1776.

THE news from Spain is very unfavorable to the Carlists. They have been worsted in several engagements, and have lost several important military positions. The surrender of the strong post at Seo de Urgel, and the taking prisoner of General Lizzora, have been heavy blows to the Carlists. The cable telegrams represent the adherents of Don Carlos as greatly discouraged, and hint that Don Carlos himself is seriously considering the expediency of disbanding his forces, and awaiting a more favorable future juncture of affairs to renew his efforts to ascend the throne of Spain.

ANOTHER victim to the mania for Alpine climbing has been announced. It was a Swiss guide named Antille. He was descending, along with his party, one of the passes near Monte Rose towards Zirval. He was not attached to the others by a rope. When half way down, his foot slipped on the melting snow, and he fell from rock to rock to the bottom of the immense ravine. His comrades hastened to the rescue, but they only found his remains entirely lifeless and horribly mangled.

THE miscalled "journal of civilization," *Harper's Weekly*, together with the *New York Times*, and a few other journals, have been endeavoring, and are now at work, to excite an anticatholic agitation in Ohio, with the view to forward the interests of one of the political parties in that State. For this purpose, caricature and misrepresentation have been liberally employed, but as the results will show, without the effect intended.

SOME important legal decisions have been given lately. In the case of the Congregation of Portsmouth, N. H., the Supreme Court of New Hampshire has decided that contributors, as such, acquire no rights of ownership to churches they may assist to build, if the legal title is not made out in their names.

The Supreme Court of Ohio, sustaining the Superior Court of Cincinnati, has decided that Catholic schools are not public schools, and that they, as well as parsonages, are taxable.

ON the 7th of September the people of New Jersey vote on several amendments to the Constitution, one of which forbids any donation of land or appropriation of money, either by the State or any municipal corporation, to any society or association. This is directed against Catholics obtaining any aid for protectories, reformatories, schools, asylums, etc., and is expected to be rejected by the people.

WE lately came across the following item, anent the Centennial celebration :

"The Centennial Committee of the 'Wine-brennarians' have determined to publish fifty thousand copies of a pamphlet, descriptive of the rise, progress, faith, and practice of their church, for distribution during the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Space has been secured by them for their use in the Exposition building."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NORMAL ELEMENTARY GEOMETRY, etc., etc. By Edward Brooks, A.M., Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co., 530 Market Street.

Whatever tends to simplify the abstruse study of Geometry, without taking from that *drill*, so necessary to beget the strength and constancy of mind to which the study of Geometry so greatly tends, will be hailed by every teacher of mathematics as a step in the right direction. We have often heard Brooks's Geometry spoken of in the highest terms. The practical character of the "test problems" given at the end of each book, has more than once been called to our attention, while the common-sense character of the elucidations has more than surprised us.

Any class of ordinary talent, and blessed with an average teacher, can master the entire contents of Brooks's Geometry, which also embraces trigonometry and analytical geometry, in two years at most. This is more than can be said of any other work on these subjects with which we are acquainted.

But the crowning character of this work is its "practical" department. We cheerfully recommend it to all our Catholic schools and colleges. Having been already introduced into many of the Catholic schools in Philadelphia, notably into La Salle College, is the best criterion of its work.

THE PREMIUM CATHOLIC LIBRARY. New York and Cincinnati: Benziger Brothers. 1875.

Under the title of the *Premium Library*, Messrs. Benziger Brothers have recently published six exquisitely bound volumes of Catholic tales translated from the French. These tales are all of them full of interesting incidents, and cannot fail to be attractive to youthful readers. The spirit, too, which animates these tales, is excellent, and the religious lessons which they indirectly inculcate very edifying.

The same enterprising firm has published, in a very beautiful volume, *THE HOLY ISLE*; or, *The Lives of the Most Notable Irish Saints, as a sequel to the Life of St. Patrick*.

The saints, whose lives are given in this volume, are St. Bridget, St. Columba, St. Malachy, St. Lawrence O'Toole, St. Palidius, and St. Columbkille.

THE SIXTH READER of *The Young Catholic's Illustrated School Series of Readers* has been sent us by the Catholic Publication Society of New York.

We have previously noticed in the *RECORD* in commendatory terms the antecedent volumes of this series. *The Sixth Reader* does not fall short of them in excellence. The matter has been selected with care and good judgment, and the whole forms a volume well adapted for the use of advanced classes of academies and colleges. Prefixed to the *Reader* is an "Introduction," which contains clear and practical instructions on vocal culture and elocution.

THE YOUNG LADIES' READER, also from the Catholic Publication Society, form a part of *The Young Catholic's Illustrated School Series*.

It has been compiled, as we learn from the preface, with a special view to the words of the young girl who has soon to leave the school-room to enter upon her life-work. The same care and good judgment, as regards the matter which forms the reading lessons, marks this *Young Ladies' Reader*, which we have already said characterizes the other volumes of the *Series*.

THE second series of *THE TROUBLES OF OUR CATHOLIC FOREFATHERS*, related by themselves, edited by Robert Morris, S. J., has appeared.

The author opens to English readers, in this work, the touching narratives of the persecutions endured by their forefathers in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, and Charles II. We await with much interest the period, when he will have to speak of the ancestors of our Maryland Catholics. At present the learned author is in the reign of Elizabeth; and, in the life of Father Weston, S. J., and of Anthony Tyrrell, the modern reader may form some idea of the state of Catholics in the "golden days" of Good Queen Bess.

THE Abbe Feret has written a work on *HENRY IV AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH*. The portion of French history, covered by this work, is very important; the latter part of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth century being the time when it was decided whether France should be a Catholic or a Huguenot nation. How near it came to be the latter is known to comparatively few. Abbe Feret thinks that Henry IV's conversion was sincere, and that the Edict of Nantes was a necessary and statesmanlike measure.

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